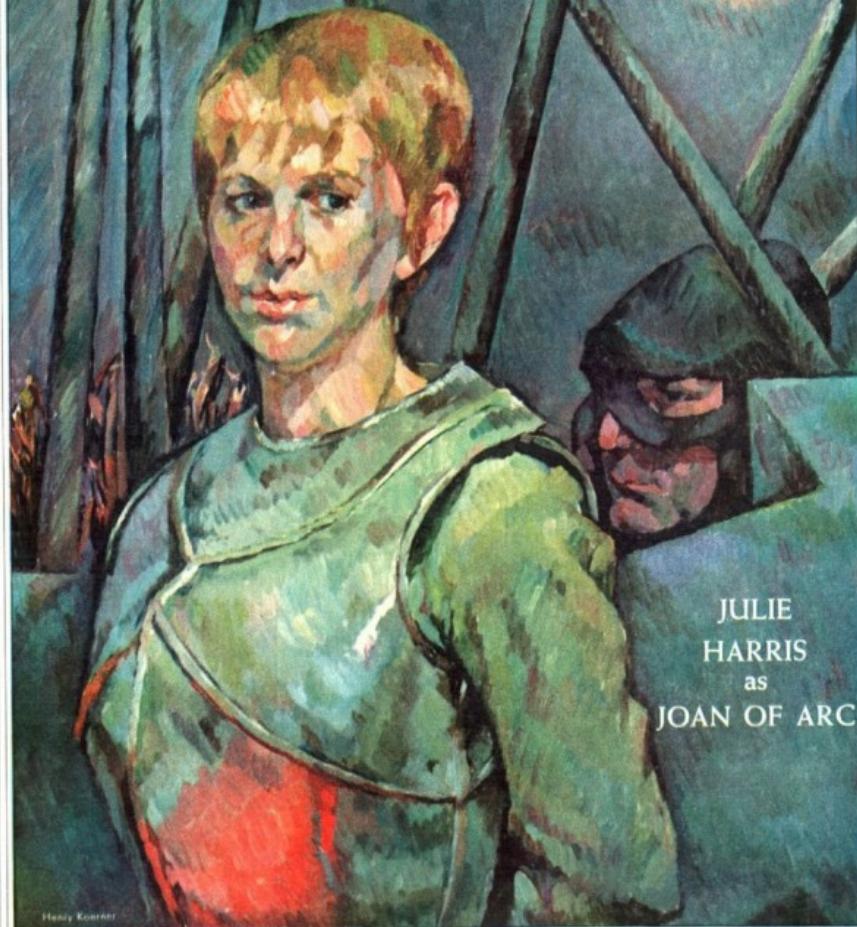


TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 28, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



JULIE
HARRIS
as
JOAN OF ARC

Henry Koerner

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1400-1410-1420-1430

VOL. LXVI NO. 22



Overlooking beautiful Waikiki Beach in Honolulu, Hawaii. In the background is Diamond Head, the famous extinct volcano.



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IT'S EASY TO KEEP IN TOUCH BY OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

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These are the rates for the first three minutes, not including the 10% federal excise tax. To many countries, lower rates apply on Sundays or at night.

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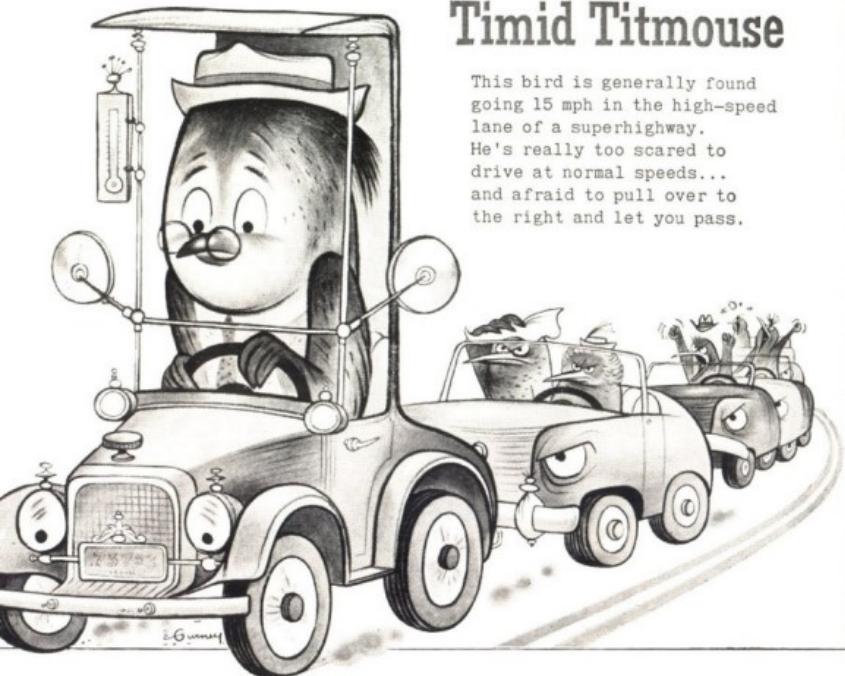


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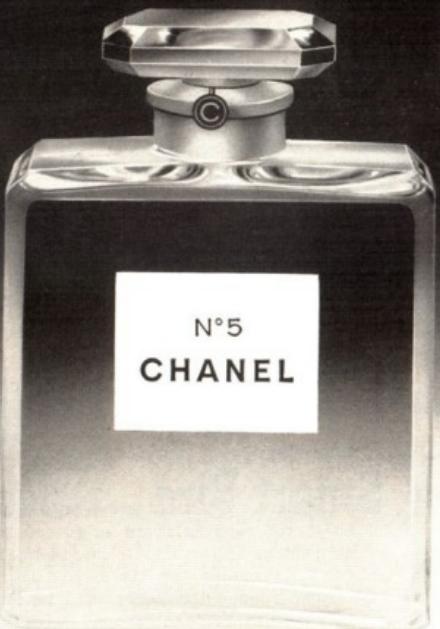
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premium gasoline



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LETTERS

N° 5 - GARDENIA - N° 22
BOIS DES ILES - RUSSIA LEATHER



THE MOST TREASURED

NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

Ike's Quail Hash

Sir:

We spend time hunting quail, would take time to prepare "quail hash, the President's favorite dish" [Oct. 31]. Can you come up with the recipe? We would enjoy a try at it.

ART GRAMS

BILL QUAINTEANCE

Rock Island, Ill.

¶ For one serving take two dressed quail, simmer in one pint of chicken broth for 15 minutes; remove birds from broth and pluck meat from bones, returning the meat (finely chopped) to broth until cooked; thicken with one tablespoon of flour, season to taste and serve on toast points or with hominy grits. (The President prefers grits.)—Ed.

The Revolutionary

Sir:

By TIME's estimation, Mr. Nasser of Egypt is a handsome hero who is braving the unwarranted aggression of a little democracy called Israel. With his portrait plastered all over the front cover of your Sept. 26 issue, you paint him as a man of great restraint, who withholds his anger despite the torments inflicted upon him.

MRS. B. KRAMER

Philadelphia

Sir:

I have to express my admiration for the article dealing with the Egyptian revolution. It was an interesting critical analysis.

GAMAL ABDEL NASSER

Prime Minister

Cairo

The State of the Farmer

Sir:

As one who has been very critical of most of your stories on agriculture, I would like

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TIME
November 28, 1955

Volume LXVI
Number 22

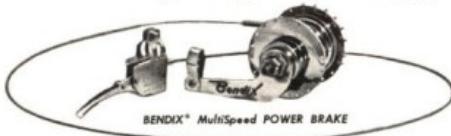
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to be equally quick to compliment you most highly for your farm-income article in the Nov. 7 issue; it is factual and written with the clear-cut seriousness which the subject deserves.

J. H. FLOREA

Mount Morris, Ill.

Sir:

The U.S. seems to be pretty statistical-minded when it comes to the U.S. farmer and his bowl. Our receipts are up but our operating expenses are up also. How can we buy the items needed and economize? We can—by working 18 hours a day, as many do who show the 11% profit, and use 12- and 13-year-old children to work as unpaid labor. Your city labor is working for shorter hours. Mr. Benson tells the farmer to work longer hours for less hourly wage. The farm situation is dangerous because the farmer and his family are damn mad.

DONALD S. CONKEY

Caseville, Mich.

Calling the Moose

Sir:

That Nov. 7 feature, "Big Game in the U.S." scored a real hit. Photographer Joern Gerds' skill in shooting game far surpasses that of any hunter—whether he be the weekend small-townsman in Levis or the big-city boy in his "pure cashmere long underwear from Abercrombie & Fitch." Gerds' photos should make some readers still the itching trigger finger instead of arousing the desire to kill.

STANLEY A. SPRECHER

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

The big game pictures are marvelous, but some of the statements in the article are not realistic. It should be against the game law for anyone to talk about shooting moose with as light a rifle as a .30-30, and you don't need a bircbark horn to call moose. A cheerleader's megaphone or a rolled up copy of TIME will do just as well.

EDISON MARSHALL

Augusta, Ga.

Sir:

Shame on TIME for trying to pass off a sloppily stuffed sack of fur as a live elk. All your bugling hunter is going to lure out of that glass-eyed mount are moths.

TOM McHUGH

Banff, Alberta

¶ Let Reader McHugh look again. Photographer Gerds' elk was of no stuffed ilk.—ED.

Sir:

Would like to advise TIME readers who might be contemplating the long trek into the wilderness of northern Maine for a moose hunt to be prepared to pay the fine [of up to \$400] which accompanies the act.

JAMES RICHARDS JR.

Orono, Me.

Who for '56?

Sir:

From the list of prospective G.O.P. nominees to succeed Ike, you omitted one who I feel would carry more weight and inspire more confidence than any other. I refer to Herbert Hoover Jr.

JAMES R. BAILEY

Winter Park, Fla.

Sir:

How about reversing the ticket? "Nixon and Eisenhower" should still make a sure winner. Ike could specialize in Foreign Affairs with the Secretary of State working



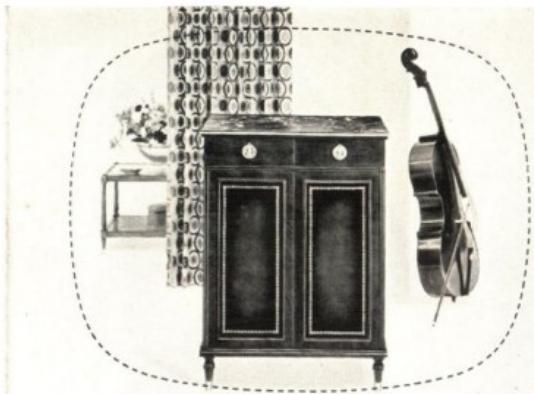
which do you want?

Money or the moon?

It was reaching for the moon which resulted in the development at Martin of one of the most dynamic engineering team operations in the whole new world of flight systems development.

Most of the people on that team are young and moving ahead fast. *Do you* know what's happening at Martin...and what tomorrow may hold for you here in the fields of aircraft, missiles, rocketry, nuclear power and space vehicle development?

MARTIN
BALTIMORE

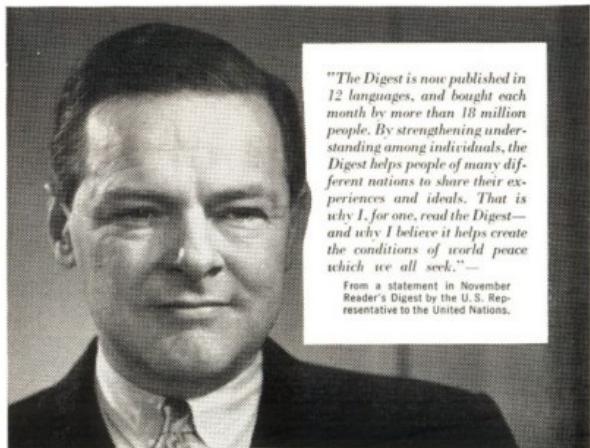


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From a statement in November Reader's Digest by the U.S. Representative to the United Nations.

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closely with him as now, but a big load of his personal responsibilities would be lifted from him, whereas his valued advice would be available when needed.

FREEMAN CLARKSON

Newfane, Vt.

Sir:

No matter how much flag-waving you do for your boy Dick Nixon, the truth of the matter is that the only Republican who will beat any Democrat in 1956 is Earl Warren.

GORDON SCHWARTZ

Philadelphia

Sir:

Thank you for uncovering a dark horse in the Democratic Party—Governor Frank Lausche of Ohio. Glad to know that there are still honest politicians who put duty and honor before friendship.

PFC. ROBERT BURNS

U.S. Army

Anchorage, Alaska

Margaret's Decision (Contd.)

Sir:

In common with many Englishmen, I tend subconsciously to regard much American journalism as flamboyant and not quite in "good taste." It is with considerable pleasure that I am constrained to congratulate you on your Nov. 7 article. By comparison with much of the unashamed bad taste that has been written on the subject in the British press, it is a very fine and carefully emotional statement of a position which has encouraged the display of just that character.

B. J. N. EDWARDS

Durham, England

Sir:

Their story points up once more that the British as a nation are aware of one great truth which we Americans prefer to ignore: that certain moral principles can and do transcend mere personal happiness. I don't want "popularity" and "happiness" first of all for my children; if they attain the moral stature I wish for them I know they will often be both unpopular and unhappy.

ELLEN BULL

Boulder, Colo.

Sir:

Monday afternoon I, with the rest of the world, read the details on the Margaret-Townsend affair. Wednesday morning, across the continent from your editorial offices, TIME arrived with the story. How did you do it?

ART SUTTON

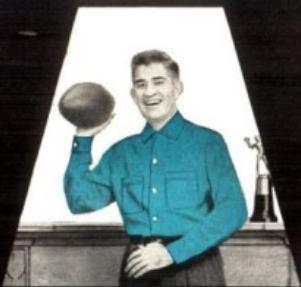
Los Angeles

¶ TIME went to press on Sunday night with Princess Margaret on the cover, on the assumption that a yes or no was all but inevitable that week. When the news broke Monday afternoon, TIME stopped the presses, had only to write a new last paragraph, caught three-quarters of the domestic run and all foreign editions.—ED.

Industrial Chaplains

Sir:

Thank you for the space you gave to the work of industrial chaplains [Oct. 11]. Hope we may have more reports of this brought to the public than the doors in industry may be opened to this service. But you misquoted me in saying that I consider the people's misunderstandings as "petty as the dickens." To my knowledge, I have never in my life used that expression. Were I to use it, certainly not in reference to the problems brought to me by the people. To



Wing-Joy for men, *5; for boys, *395

AVISCO



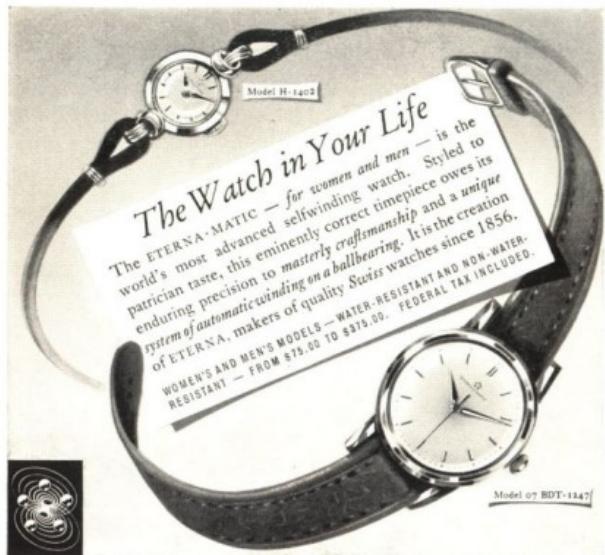
Your Wings rayon shirts welcome washings

AVISCO is the reason

This Wings sport shirt is made with Avisco treated rayon that makes "handle with care" tags obsolete. This handsome shirt takes cheerfully to washing (and washing and washing). Bring on the soapsuds, bring on the washing machine,

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appearance and durability, wear the clothes that wear the Avisco Integrity Tag. (And this Christmas give them to your favorite people, too.) Luxury shirts that wash are one more dramatic result of Avisco fiber research.



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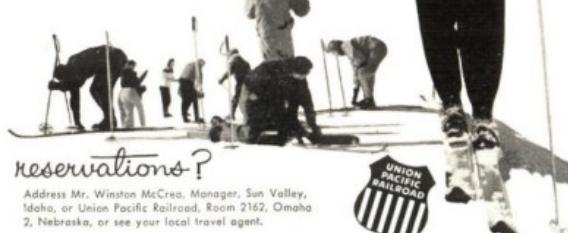
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them the problems are great, or they would not bring them to me. It is not for me to belittle them.

BERNARD W. NELSON
Chaplain
Independent Packing House Workers Union
Kansas City, Kans.

Working Wonders

Sir:

Congratulations on "Seven Wonders of the U.S." in the Oct. 31 News in Pictures. They are really more than wonders, they are working wonders and portray the implementation of science through engineering for the service of mankind.

FRANCIS G. YATES
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir:

We are very proud and pleased to see a picture of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, designated by the American Society of Civil Engineers. The picture only shows



SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND BRIDGE

the eastern approach. The enclosed picture shows the entire structure [see cut]. We in California appreciate the recognition given to this bridge.

FRANK B. DURKEE
Director of Public Works
Sacramento

Such Crust

Sir:

So "the best apple pie in the U.S. is served in Cripple Creek, Colo.?" This association officially objects to the kudos carelessly flung at Cripple Creek by the wandering Gills [Oct. 31]. Our vice presidents annually proclaim that the apple pie supreme is artistically contrived by the rural housewives of the Middle West.

ROBERT L. FINCH
President and Top Crust
Apple Pie Testers Association
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Yakima is one of the largest apple-producing centers, so it came as somewhat of a shock to find that restaurants here failed to produce a tasty apple pie. One individual here suggested that the restaurateurs of Cripple Creek be invited to move to Yakima along with their pie tins; another suggested that the apple growers of Yakima be invited to move to Cripple Creek. A pie-testing task force was dispatched to various restaurants; other remedies will be taken to ensure travelers passing through this town that apple pies are worthy of the name of Yakima.

JESS LINDEMAN
President
Yakima Chamber of Commerce
Yakima, Wash.

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"And that's where Hardware Mutuals stepped in to help us out. Any insurance company can deliver a policy. But Hardware Mutuals did more than that. They furnished us with the services of a specialist who set up safety standards for us. This expert trained our men to prevent accidents before they could happen. His efforts and recommendations have reduced our accidents to a minimum.

"In effect, I've got an extra man on my plant staff at no extra cost. So, you see, Hardware Mutuals save me money in three ways. First, their Loss Prevention Service has eliminated most of the costs of accident and lost time. Second, our improved safety record permits us to enjoy a lower premium rate on workmen's compensation insurance. Third, Hardware Mutuals have always returned to us generous dividends on our premium payments.

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Tell your Hardware Mutuals representative to have a Loss Prevention Engineer make a survey of your place of business and to show you how you can save by improving your safety record.



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3. No skin irritation, no painful nicks, no matter how heavy your shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel blades g-i-v-e as you bear down.
4. Face needs no break-in period. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker, gives you great shaves from the very first.
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6. Easiest shaver to live with. Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. Designed to fit the hand. Cleans in a jiffy.

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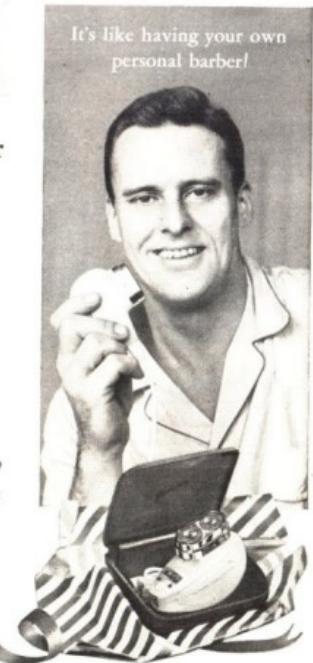
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Geneva: The Spirit

The evening after he returned from Geneva, President Eisenhower warned his people and the world: "We must never be deluded into believing that one week of friendly, even fruitful negotiations can wholly eliminate a problem arising out of the wide gulf . . . between the concept of man made in the image of his God, and of man as a mere instrument of the state."

The negotiations had been friendly in tone; they had even held out hope of specific fruits which might ripen in a second Geneva conference of Big Four foreign ministers. The amicability and the hopes came to be summed up in a phrase, "the spirit of Geneva." As the foreign ministers' conference concluded last week, the Russians, on point after point, prevented any practical harvest from the July meeting.

Some Western observers thereupon cried havoc. The cold war was on again; the leopard had not changed his spots; the fat was in the fire, and said one liberal U.S. commentator, the defense budget should be immediately increased as a result of the failure of the second Geneva conference. The observers most downcast by the failures of Geneva II were those who, forgetting the essential limitation, Eisenhower had placed upon it, had exaggerated Geneva I.

In fact, the two Genevas taken together vastly augmented the West's strength, and thereby the chances of peace. True, the ball had not been advanced at Geneva II. But the West was not engaged in that kind of football game with the Communists. The motion that counted most lay inside the West, which could be beaten only by its own confusion or disunity.

In this field the gains were impressive. The West had remained united under Russian smiles and frowns. It had expressed, more clearly than ever before, its devotion to peace, without suggesting any abandonment of principle. The Russians had obliged with a demonstration of the old truculence and rigidity that had been

such a helpful lesson in anti-Communism in the immediate postwar years. As a result, the basis of neutrality in Europe and Asia was undercut; it would now be harder than ever to claim that the Communists and the West were equally aggressive forces.

Meanwhile, Communism was still pressured by the forces of discontent at home



SECRETARY DULLES REPORTS
Freedom's health is freedom's strength.

and disunity within the satellites that had made the U.S.S.R. welcome Geneva I as a diversion and a symbol of hope amid the tyranny of life under Communism. To the extent that the spirit of Geneva has been harmed (by the Communists' hand), that hope has been struck down. The anti-Communist world prospers, economically and politically. West German prosperity is the marvel of Europe. Talk of European unity revives. The U.S., breaking production records, is in sight of balancing its federal budget. President Eisenhower is up and around. And even in the far-off Philippines, friends of all-out collaborators with the U.S. win a resounding election victory.

Is all this peace? If Eisenhower was right in July, the situation after Geneva II is as much like peace as could be expected.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Geneva: Questions & Answers

"For the last three weeks I've been negotiating with the Russians at Geneva," said John Foster Dulles on a nationwide radio and television broadcast, "and that's quite a job. As I expect you know, this Geneva meeting didn't get us very far . . .

In fact it didn't get us anywhere at all . . . Now the explanation as I see it is this: the Soviet leaders appear to want certain results, but they are not yet willing to pay the price."

Lawyer Dulles, a great popularizer and simplifier, then told the U.S. what happened at Geneva in terms of the agenda.

ITEM 1: Reunification of Germany and the security of Europe. No agreement. "We do not believe that solid peace in Europe can be based on the injustice of a divided Germany. The Soviet proposals were based on preserving the Soviet puppet regime in East Germany . . . at least until Soviet control could be extended to all Germany. We tried very hard, but in vain . . . For obviously if Germany were reunified by free elections that would mean the end of the Soviet puppet regime. And this fall of the East German regime would in turn have serious repercussions on the other satellite states of East Europe. There the Soviet-controlled governments are facing rising pressure. Many within the satellite countries believe that the spirit of Geneva meant something for them."

ITEM 2: Limitation of arms. No agreement. "The Soviet Union . . . continues to urge agreements to do one thing or another, even though there would be no way to check up whether these agreements were in fact being fulfilled."

ITEM 3: Development of East-West contacts. Some agreement had been expected, but none materialized. "The Western powers put forward 17 proposals . . . Every one of these proposals the Soviet delegation rejected. It was willing to have some contacts which would enable it to garner technical know-how from other

countries. It was willing to send and receive persons under conditions it could closely control. But it reacted most violently against anything that smacked of the elimination of barriers to the free exchange of ideas . . . After a generation of fanatical indoctrination the Soviet rulers can hardly bring themselves to loosen their existing thought controls so as to permit a freer contact with the free world."

Dulles next asked himself several questions, the kind that any citizen would ask, and gave his answers.

Is the spirit of Geneva dead? "The Soviet leaders would like to have at least the appearance of cooperative relations with the Western nations. [But] they are not yet ready to create the indispensable con-

strength . . . cannot vary with their smiles or with their frowns."

Does the end of Geneva mean an end to negotiations with the Communists? "It need not be an end . . . We know that conditions change, because change is the law of life."

Dulles concluded with a message from President Eisenhower. Said the President: "I know that no setback, no obstacle to progress will ever deter this Government and our people from the great effort to establish a just and durable peace. Success may be long in coming, but there is no temporal force so capable of helping to achieve it as the strength, the might, the spirit of 165 million free Americans. In striving toward this shining goal, this country will never admit defeat."



United Press

THE EISENHOWERS ARRIVE AT GETTYSBURG
Orchids and "Better Times" roses.

ditions for a secure peace . . . They have seriously set back the confidence that the free world can justifiably place on Soviet promises . . . However, it does seem that they do not want to revert to their earlier reliance on threats and invective. In that respect the spirit of Geneva still survives."

Is there any new danger of war? He did not think so.

Will there be a resumption of the cold war? "The cold war in the sense of peaceful competition will inevitably go on. The spirit of Geneva could not and did not change that fact. Moreover we must assume that the Soviet Union will continue its efforts by means short of war to make its system prevail, as it has done in the past. We can, however, hope that this competition will not entail the same hostility and animosity that so defiled the relations in the past between us."

Will the U.S. now have to increase its defense programs? "No. We have not lowered our guard . . . We're on what we call a long-haul basis. Our military

THE PRESIDENCY First Active Week

Gettysburg was the vital center. Swooping up from Washington in two shuttling light planes, Ike's top aides landed with grave affairs of state and happy smiles of greeting. They found the President sprinting and strolling through alternate work and rest. They came away with a real sense of being in business again.

Gettysburg's citizens, long used to thousands of battlefield tourists, took Ike's arrival in stride, but their welcome was warm and deep. When the big presidential limousine rolled into the town square, Gettysburg was bedecked with bright bunting, venturesome boys hung from rooftops, and the high school band trotted "Happy Birthday" for Mamie's 50th. Patty Weaver, the mayor's daughter, thrust a bouquet of orchids and "Better Times" roses in Mamie's arms. Said Ike, thanking the town on Mamie's behalf: "I am just as delighted as she that you are

the people who are going to be our neighbors, God willing."

G.I. Walnut. While the Eisenhowers were settling down at their farm, the town post office was getting its Grecian face lifted. Its harried mail couriers dogged their appointed rounds amid a continuous stream of federal furniture movers, painters, Army Signal Corps technicians and inquisitive reporters (see PRESS). The little, 42-year-old building, to which every telephone wire in the U.S. suddenly seemed to lead, had become a global solar plexus.

On the ground-floor, an easy eight steps from High Street, was Ike's bare office. In that small apple green room stood a standard Government worker's walnut desk, flanked by the U.S. and Presidential flags. That was about all.

Freedom without Fatigue. Ike spent two quiet days on the farm, puttering and strolling. He inspected a birthday gift of 48 spruce trees from the 48 Republican state chairmen, another of 48 flowering quince from the Cabinet. He was delighted most of all with two Black Angus heifers sent by admirers: they upped the President's herd of cattle to 18.

Then he went to work, arising early one morning for his heaviest regimen since the heart attack. Before breakfast, Drs. Snyder and Thomas Mattingly gave him a thorough checkup. Said they: "Gradually increased activity has resulted in no signs of a fatigue or symptoms." Ike was sleeping ten hours a night, reveling in his freedom from a hospital room.

At the post office for the first time, he met Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks and Budget Director Rowland Hughes (see below). Weeks and Ike discussed a shift in plans for financing new highways. Instead of selling bonds, said Weeks, the Administration now leans toward pay-as-you-go federal taxes on gas, oil and tires.

By week's end, Ike had worked up to a three-hour session at the post-office desk, his longest yet. Among duties accomplished:

¶ Appointment to the National Labor Relations Board until 1960 of Maryland Republican Stephen Sibley Bean, 63, an NLRB trial examiner who fills the vacancy left by retiring Chairman Guy Farmer.

¶ Designation as NLRB chairman of South Dakota Republican Boyd Leedon, 49, who has served on the board since March 1955.

¶ First top-level consultation on atomic matters since August, with AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss.

¶ Scheduling for early this week, at Camp David, Md., of the President's first meetings with the Cabinet and National Security Council since his illness.

Then Ike went back to the farmhouse for a long weekend and a longtime love. With General Alfred Gruenthal, NATO Supreme Commander and famed expert on the ancient military art of bridge-playing, Ike rounded up Neighbor George E. Allen and Dr. Snyder, and sat down at last to his first postcoronary foursome.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Balanced Budget in Sight

Reiterating its faith in the continued growth of the U.S. economy, the Administration last week came close to outright prediction that tax revenues, higher than estimated, plus careful cost-cutting, can wipe out the \$1.7 billion federal deficit and balance the budget. After discussing proposed 1957 expenses with the President at Gettysburg, Budget Director Rowland Hughes told reporters that the Government's income should match its estimated \$63 billion outgo, not only in 1957 but in the current fiscal year ending June 30, 1956.

Neither stringent cost-cutting nor the Geneva conference failure, said he, would substantially affect military expenditures (now \$34.5 billion yearly). "Our budgets for the defense program have not been built on day-to-day shifts in diplomatic discussions. We have built them on a long-range basis of strengthening U.S. power. We are engaged in a regular, permanent strengthening program."

But Hughes studiously declined to commit the Administration to tax cuts in 1956. When asked if he had not in effect foreshadowed them by his budget predictions, Hughes replied: "I don't think you can put those words in my mouth. Sir, I wish you could."

DEMOCRATS

Not for the Exercise

The problems of what to say, and how to say it, and when, were agonizing for Adlai Stevenson. He had been brooding about this ever since that disastrous night of defeat in 1952, when he said that he was "too old to cry, and it hurt too much to laugh." As he traveled about the U.S. in 1954, speaking at Democratic rallies, loyal supporters urged him to try again. By the end of last summer he had made the decision: he would run.

In 1952, he had never said that he wanted the nomination. But he knew he could not be a reluctant draftee a second time. Even though Stevenson was miles ahead of any other Democratic candidate, the script for 1956 called for an early start toward formal campaigning—most of which could be directed against the Republicans rather than against his hopeful Democratic rivals.

The Torture of Decision. But when should he announce? To some, the Democratic National Committee's \$100-a-plate dinner at Chicago last week, where he was scheduled to speak, seemed to be an ideal platform. But Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, a Stevenson man, included New York's Averell Harriman and Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver on the program for the sake of party peace. Democrats not inclined to support Stevenson would resent his using the dinner for his personal sendoff. So he decided to announce just before the Democrats began to gather in Chicago.

But how to say it? Adlai thought of making a simple statement that he was a

THE U.S. PROSPERITY TODAY

In a San Francisco speech last week, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey outlined, in clear and simple terms, how the Administration regards the U.S. economy today. Excerpts:

WALTER BENNETT



HUMPHREY

WITHIN the last half century, this nation has gone through an economic evolution that makes pale any other in the long history of man's efforts to achieve a better life. We in this Administration have hitched our wagon to this rising star of a "have" nation. But on coming into office, we found that this great day-to-day American evolution from the bottom up was in danger. We found the economy's growth hobbled by successive layers of regulations, controls, subsidies and taxes imposed in past emergencies. We found defense spending being used partly to buy defense, partly as a crutch to support an unsound economy, thereby endangering both. We found an economy out of step with the nation it had to serve.

The Solid Base. Let's look at what millions of Americans have been actually making of our economy:

Total national production of goods and services now approaches \$400 billion—20 times our national output in 1900. When you make allowance for price rises, national production is still seven times what it was in 1900. Our population has more than doubled, but our national output per capita is three times what it was then.

Here is the important thing: the lower- and middle-income groups have received the greatest share. Early in the century, only one out of every ten American families earned as much as \$4,000 a year in terms of today's prices. Now, almost half our families earn more than \$4,000 a year.

Let's see just how widespread this flow of purchasing power to the broad base of our economy has been:

¶ At the turn of the century, people had taken out 14 million life-insurance policies. Today the number has increased to about 250 million.

¶ Small investors' holdings in U.S. Savings Bonds total the huge amount of \$50 billion.

¶ Nearly 10% of all American families today own stock in American corporations.

¶ In 1900, individuals had liquid savings of all types amounting to less than \$10 billion. Now such savings total more than \$235 billion.

¶ About 55% of our families now live in homes of their own.

¶ More than 15 million Americans have more than \$50 billion invested in pensions and retirement trust funds, which were unknown in 1900.

The Public Enemy. The basic interests of the man in overalls are today the same as the basic interests of the man in the business suit. To the extent that inflation develops, both are robbed.

If you had \$1,000 saved up in 1939, which you did not draw out to use until 1953, you really took a beating. Inflation had sneaked into your savings in those years and made off with \$478. Inflationary price rises during that time cut the purchasing power of the dollars you were saving, every minute of every day.

We in the Eisenhower Administration have made halting inflation one of our principal goals. In the last 2½ years, the value of the dollar has changed only one-half of one cent. We have kept inflation's hand out of your savings almost entirely.

We regard inflation as a public enemy of the worst type. But we have not hesitated, either, to ease or restrict the basis of credit when need was indicated. The full force of monetary policy has been made effective more promptly than ever before to better respond to natural demands. This has been done by the timely use of monetary policy and credit; by the return to the public of purchasing power through the biggest tax cut in the history of the nation; by cutting unjustified Government spending; by timely encouragement to construction, home building and needed improvements.

The Fertile Field. We hope for continued prosperity, based not on war scares or artificial Government stimulants but on steady spending by consumers and investment by business.

The best that Government can do to strengthen our economy is to provide a fertile field in which millions of Americans can work. The continued success of our economy depends not upon Government, but upon the efforts of all the people trying to do a little more for themselves and their loved ones. It is the sum total of all these individual efforts that makes our system superior to anything known in this world before.

candidate, but that might seem too wholly political. Perhaps he should explain, in a dignified manner, why he was running. And yet he did not want to skimp the cream off his first post-announcement speech at the dinner. For two days, at his farm home in Libertyville, Ill., he labored over his pronouncement. Most of the time he worked alone, but on the second day he called in staff members and tried the statement on them. He decided it would not do, went to work on it again. Then,

candidate nomination for President next year," Stevenson began. And then, typically, he ad-libbed: "which I suspect is hardly a surprise." The heart of his statement gave his reasons for seeking the nomination: "In the first place, I believe it is important for the Democratic Party to resume the executive direction of our national affairs. Second, I am assured that my candidacy would be welcomed by representative people in and out of my party throughout the country. Third,

in the direction of Mitchell and Wyatt and cracked: "Will you bushmen all stand up, please?"

Stevenson said that he would enter the Minnesota primary (where he already had assurances of support from the powerful organization headed by left-of-center U.S. Senator Hubert Humphrey), but decisions about other primaries would have to wait. When a reporter pointed out that there had been talk about Senator Humphrey as a likely candidate for Vice President, Stevenson covered the field: "I think he is an admirable Democrat and a most competent and gifted man. I have said, I think, the same thing about some half-dozen by this time. I will have to get some new adjectives."

Would he accept Estes Kefauver as his running mate? "Well, I would say this about Senator Kefauver or anyone else: that, after all, the national convention has to make that decision. As far as I am concerned, I think he is eminently qualified for exalted public office, indeed he already holds one, and that isn't to say that there are no others likewise qualified, equally qualified, and also there is a question of whether he would be available for such an office, and I gather from what I have heard that he would not."

"With Money, I Hope." How would he finance his campaign? "With money, I hope," as the correspondents laughed. What lay behind the timing of his announcement? "I have not made this statement before for a variety of reasons, mostly to do with my convenience, with the forthcoming Democratic dinner which the party's leaders, and the treasurer particularly, attached some importance to keeping some elements of this uncertainty alive, and also because I wanted to make quite sure about certain regions of the country and certain individuals in my candidacy."

Was he confident that, if nominated, he could beat any Republican nominee? "Well, let me say to you that while I believe, as I said yesterday, everyone should do what he can, consistent with our political traditions, to serve his country and his party, therefore, I think one runs regardless when he feels it is consistent to do so, consistent with the principle whether he feels he can win or not. I might say that I am not entering this campaign for the exercise."

When the reporters asked questions that involved the South, where the seeds of a Democratic Party split lie, Stevenson was cautious. What did he have to say about the fact that some Southern states have chosen to circumvent the Supreme Court's school-desegregation ruling? "I don't know that I can comment about that in the abstract. I think the Supreme Court's decision speaks for itself, and I believe that the law should be supported by all of the citizens of the country." When a reporter sought to ask him about the case of Emmett Till, the Negro boy who was murdered in Mississippi, Stevenson interrupted the question to continue an explanation of his attitude on taxes ("While I might be



Arthur Siegel

CANDIDATE STEVENSON WITH CHIEF AIDES FINNEGAN (LEFT) & RASKIN
Up with safety, sanity and bushmen.

finally having decided what to say, he was ready.

"Roll 'Em." The announcement stage had been set carefully. On the dance floor of the Boulevard Room in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, workmen had put together the setting of a business office. There was a mahogany desk equipped with an "in" box, a telephone and a lectern, with an American flag at one side and a plain grey curtain in the background concealing the nightclub décor. Gathered in the room, on the appointed day, were some 100 reporters and a few politicians.

Stevenson arrived ten minutes late, stepped down the aisle and sat down quietly at the desk. This was television and newsreel day. His staff had informed reporters that the candidate would make his statement for the cameras, but would answer no questions until a press conference the next day. Stevenson placed a typed copy of his statement on the lectern and accepted a glass of water (on his standing order, it contained no ice) from an aide. He looked uncertainly at Radio-TV Executive Leonard Reinsch, who was directing the show, and asked how much time he had. Director Reinsch told him to take all the time he wanted, checked with the cameramen, and then sang out: "Roll 'em."

"I shall be a candidate for the Demo-

I believe any citizen should make whatever contribution he can to search for a safer, saner world."

Three times Stevenson read the statement, so the cameramen could get a variety of shots and would have three separate films. When he was through, he leaned back with a relieved air, and quipped: "Now the question is, should I read one for Vice President?" Then, looking around at his aides, he asked: "Is that all? May I go now?"

Needed: New Adjectives. In the same setting, next day, Stevenson met reporters to answer questions. First, Stevenson announced that he had appointed Pennsylvania's Secretary of the Commonwealth James Finnegan, a seasoned Philadelphia political veteran, as his pre-conviction campaign manager. Finnegan's chief assistant would be Chicago Attorney Hyman B. Raskin, a former deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Acting as advisers would be former Democratic National Chairman Stephen Mitchell and onetime (1946) National Housing Administrator Wilson W. Wyatt, who were the key managers in Stevenson's 1952 campaign. When a reporter commented that this chain of command showed that Stevenson had decided to use professional politicians this time instead of "so-called bush-league advisers," the candidate waved

against a tax reduction, which would mean revenue reduction, I might be in favor of tax adjustment"). After Stevenson had finished the tax statement, Chicago *Sun-Times* Reporter John Dreiske cut off the conference with, "Thank you, Governor Stevenson."

Taking This Country to Hell*

After Stevenson's announcement came the long-planned Democratic powwow, sponsored by the national committee. Everybody was optimistic and harmonious, especially at the \$100-a-plate dinner. But two mild family quarrels were noted: [1] Facing an old and troublesome problem, the national committee worked out a face-saving compromise on the party's "loyalty oath." The meaningless new rule assumes that state Democratic organizations will place the nominees of the national convention on the state ballot under the Democratic symbol; it eliminates the old provision requiring a pledge by individual delegates. But not long after the compromise was approved, former National Chairman Stephen Mitchell, a chief adviser to Stevenson, said he would fight to keep out of the convention South Carolina's former Governor James F. Byrnes, Louisiana's Governor Robert Kennon, Texas' Governor Allan Shivers and former National Committee man Wright Morrow. To these four, who bolted and supported Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, Mitchell applied a Western philosophy: "If you want to know what a cowboy will do when he's drunk, then find out what he did the last time he was drunk."

[2] Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver charged that the national committee headed by Stevenson's friend Paul Butler, was showing "favoritism" toward Stevenson. After Butler denied the charge, Estes drawled that he was not really "complaining," and went on to say that he will announce his own campaign plans in mid-December, after conferring further with prospective supporters. "Have you had more encouragement than you received in 1952?" a reporter inquired. "Certainly," said Estes, with a smile. "I didn't get any encouragement in 1952."

At the big dinner, Stevenson, Kefauver and New York's Governor Averell Harriman all followed the same line when they turned their attention to the Republicans. The G.O.P., they said, has turned the U.S. over to big business, destroyed the country's reputation abroad, and ruined the farmers at home. But it was former President Harry Truman who used the hardest language against the G.O.P. President Dwight Eisenhower's Administration, said Truman, is "taking this country to hell."

As he spoke, Harry Truman clearly regarded himself as the key man in the Democratic Party during the coming year. His meetings with Stevenson, Kefauver and Harriman in Chicago prompted a reporter to ask him whether it was significant that "the other two men called on you, and you called on Governor Harriman." Said Harry Truman, with the broadest of grins: "They all have to call on me."

Darkest Horse

Perennially posed as a dark-horse Democratic presidential candidate, Ohio's stout, tousel, five-term Governor Frank Lausche last week gave Cincinnati reporters a dark view of his political future. Asked if he would be running for governor, Lausche replied: "I hesitate to ask the people to vote for me for a sixth time."

Q. For Senator?

A. I think my chances of being elected Senator are much greater than governor—but I prefer the executive branch.

Q. President?

A. I don't think I have a chance.

THE ATOM

Biggest Show on Earth?

"I had a feeling I might be looking into eternity," recalled a witness to an atomic-explosion test in 1952. "Space is annihilated; time is measured in millions of seconds; temperatures approach those at the center of the sun. There is an empty feeling in the pit of the stomach when out of the stillness a great ball of light plunges into vision . . . a rush of heat, like the opening of a furnace door." The witness was obsessed by the horror of the explosion he had seen, and as the months passed, he grew to believe that if all men could see it, they would strive to avoid it, and peace would result.

Last week the witness, Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, formally proposed such a confrontation between man's representatives and the H-bomb. "I propose a meeting at the summit," he said, "this time at the atomic summit . . . I propose that we convene this meeting at our Pacific proving ground at the island of Eniwetok, and there detonate a large thermonuclear weapon be-

fore an audience of all the peoples of the world. History has seen many dramatic events. This one might outrank them all, because the earthly destinies of mankind are bound up with the whole meaning of the event . . . Man now has the power to put an end to his own history."

"To Implant Understanding." Murray suggested that "certainly the Soviet Union, Communist China and the European satellite countries" be present, and all the countries in the U.N. "They would, I should hope, later meet to talk about war and peace and about one essential condition of both: that is, the control of nuclear energy. All of them would talk more realistically and more fruitfully after their experience."

In support of his proposal, Murray placed a heavy stress on the fall-out of radioactive strontium from thermonuclear explosions. He said that such particles would continue to settle down on the earth for years after an explosion, that they might enter the food supply and kill those who ate the food. He believes this danger has been inaccurately minimized in official public statements. He believes that for the U.S. there was no prudent alternative to the construction of the present terrible weapons. Yet if the peoples of the world, including those of the U.S., understood how terrible these weapons are, their fear would generate a new approach to peace.

Murray admitted that "inevitably, the demonstration at Eniwetok would be a demonstration of American power," but he emphasized that "it would not be a belligerent act, nor a threat of any American intention to start a war; there is no such intention . . . The purpose would not be to strike terror into the hearts of men, but to implant understanding in their minds."

To Spur the Soviets. Murray did not succeed, however, in persuading his four fellow members of the AEC that this biggest show on earth would be worthwhile. Commissioners Lewis Strauss, Willard Libby, John von Neumann and Harold Vance formally replied: "It should be noted that Russian and other foreign observers were invited to the tests at Bikini in 1946, where they witnessed atomic explosions of previously unimaginable destructive force. This demonstration, however, did not persuade the Soviet government of the need to join with us and other nations in an effective system for the international control of atomic energy in all its forms. On the contrary, it appears to have spurred them in their nuclear-weapons program."

It is hard to believe that the public anywhere in the world underestimates the destructive power of atomic weapons. The dictionaries of all languages have been combed for superlatives to describe the devastation that would ensue from atomic war. Could an observer from Russia or Burma or Bolivia take home a description more impressive than Commissioner Murray's own? In the U.S., physicists, generals and plain men, approaching the new weapons from different angles and at



COMMISSIONER MURRAY
Could Russians be more eloquent?

different levels of technical knowledge, all came to conclusions quite similar to Murray's own: that these weapons represent a danger of unprecedented magnitude to the survival of mankind—and that until an effective system of international control is established it would be folly to open the U.S. to thermonuclear attack by not being better armed in this respect than the Communists.

PHILANTHROPY

Displaced Person

"The Fund for the Republic," says Fund President Robert Maynard Hutchins, "is a kind of fund for the American Dream. The essence of the dream is and always has been freedom." The Fund for the Republic, said American Legion National Commander J. Addington Wagner last week, "is giving comfort to the enemies of America . . . We are convinced that the fund is doing evil work." Neither Hutchins nor Wagner stands alone in his opinion: Hutchins has the cheers of many citizens who fear that the U.S. is seeking security at the cost of civil liberty; Wagner speaks for those who fear that security is being subverted by a version of liberty that amounts to license. Upon the Fund for the Republic has thus descended an ugly, name-calling dispute.

The fund was established three years ago by the Ford Foundation as an independent unit. It was given \$15 million and told to spend it in support of "activities directed toward the elimination of restrictions on freedom of thought, inquiry and expression in the U.S., and the development of policies and procedures best adapted to protect these rights." The great bulk of money spent so far has been on projects that come clearly within the fund's directive. Among these was the \$64,000 study by Washington Lawyer Adam Yarmolinsky (TIME, Aug. 29) that, in its presentation of some shocking examples of the federal personnel security program in action, would justify the existence of the fund. Other projects include \$400,000 to the Southern Regional Council for offices in twelve states to further "community education in intergroup relations"; \$300,000 for a survey by Cornell University's Clinton Rossiter (author of *Conservatism in America*) on Communist influence on U.S. religion, Government, education, arts and mass media; \$185,000 for a study by Harvard's Samuel A. Stouffer of popular attitudes toward internal Communism and civil liberties.

Personal Tendency. By the nature of its mission, the fund was bound to be attacked, and its success or failure was bound to depend on the ability of its spokesmen to meet the attacks. Hutchins has absorbed nearly all of the public-relations function, and Hutchins is so brilliant a controversialist that he sometimes seems to be looking for fights in which to display his debater's skill.

He has built this personal tendency into his own definition of the fund, pronouncing that its job is "to arouse an interest

in civil liberties and to encourage debate about them."

Even without the fund's encouragement the postwar U.S. has resounded with debate on civil liberties. The need is not for more debate, but for debate of better quality, and, above all, for some answers to the very difficult questions raised by the presence of Communism and other forms of organized evil in a free society. The factual Yarmolinsky report, for example, made it clear how far the U.S. Government still is from working out standards and procedures that will at the same time protect itself from subversion and its employees from persecution.

In his attempt to dramatize his views



Arthur Siegel

FUND PRESIDENT HUTCHINS
A ponderous pixie.

on civil liberties, Hutchins has gone to some odd lengths. For instance, the Quakers of the Plymouth Meeting, Pa. library, a private institution, decided not to fire a librarian because she, pleading the Fifth Amendment, had refused to say whether she had been a Communist. Many Americans who consider themselves both anti-Communist and anti-persecution, would have let the Quakers' action go without applause or blame. But the Fund for the Republic charged in with a \$5,000 award to the library.

One Man's Position. More recently, the fund itself hired as a public-relations man, one Amos Landman, who had taken the Fifth Amendment rather than say whether he had been a Communist. Hutchins, defending the action, was not content to rest on his own confidence in Landman's loyalty. Typically, he generalized his defense by saying that he would not hesitate to hire a Communist (he did not say former Communist) as long as the man was qualified for the job, and "I was in a position to see that he did it."

Such superb self-confidence is almost out of this world. And so, indeed, is Rob-

ert Maynard Hutchins. Not long ago, with his air of a ponderous pixie, he labeled himself "an 18th century conservative." He is certainly no more Communist-minded than John Adams or Edmund Burke. But neither one of them, intent on the actual problems of the day, could imaginably have labeled himself a 16th century conservative. Most recent attacks on the Fund for the Republic are nonsense. The others, which may keep the fund in the headlines, have to do with the personality of Robert Hutchins, scholar and debater, and, by his own choice, a displaced person.

CRIME

The Christmas Present

The young man was very attentive to his mother. He luggered her heavy suitcases to the counter at Denver's Stapleton Airport, and stood by while she checked in on United Air Lines Flight 629, bound for Portland, Ore. The three bags, a bulky, battered suitcase secured by two web straps, a briefcase and a smaller suitcase, weighed 87 lbs.—37 lbs. over the limit allowed each passenger. When the ticket agent told her she would have to pay \$27 for the excess baggage, the mother, Mrs. Daisie King, turned to her son and said, "Thirty-seven lbs.—do you think I'll need all this?" Replied the son, Jack Graham: "Yes, Mother, I'm sure you will need it." Mrs. King was going to Alaska to visit her married daughter, and she would need a lot of warm clothes. For a moment she seemed half disposed to unpack them and there, and leave some of the excess baggage behind, but she finally took her son's advice. "I've packed enough stuff to last me a year," she sighed, as she paid the fee.

Delay in Take-Off. According to Gloria Graham, Jack's wife, Mrs. King then turned to her son and handed him \$3.50, instructing him to get three air-travel insurance policies on her life—one for Jack, one for his half-sister in Alaska, and one for his mother's sister in Missouri. When Flight 629 arrived from Chicago ten minutes later, Mrs. King said goodbye to the Grahams and their 22-month-old son Allen, kissed them affectionately and boarded the plane. The take-off was delayed another 12 minutes while the plane waited for a late passenger.

The Grahams went to the airport coffee shop for dinner. Jack Graham was quite fidgety—he had been feeling queasy all day—and in the midst of the meal he became nauseated. After a trip to the men's room, he felt a lot better. Later, as they were leaving the restaurant, the Grahams overheard someone saying that a plane had crashed. Unable to get any detailed information at the airport, they drove home. The radio confirmed their apprehensions: Flight 629 had crashed 32 miles north of Denver. Mrs. King and all 43 others aboard the DC-6B were dead. "We finally heard his mother's name on the radio," Gloria reported, "and Jack just collapsed completely."

From the night of the crash, Nov. 1, Civil Aeronautics Board investigators were suspicious. Eyewitnesses said the plane had seemed to explode in mid-air. "We got the chores done a little after dark," recalled Beet Farmer Conrad Hopp Jr., "and me and the kids and the missus had just set down to eat when we heard an explosion and seen a flash of light in the sky out through the window. I run out into the yard, and there was another explosion. It looked like a haystack on fire in the sky."

Shredded bits of carpeting, an acrid smell around the wreckage—like burned-out fireworks—and a greyish residue on some of the bits of the plane all indicated high explosives. Technicians from the FBI and the Douglas Aircraft Co. were summoned, and a crew of 40 men was dispatched to pick up every fragment of the plane, and cart it all back to Denver. There, in a warehouse near the airport, the experts began the painstaking job of fitting the fragments together again.

As the scraps were fitted onto a mock-up, the evidence showed that the explosion had occurred in the rear cargo pit, in an area where there were no fuel lines or electric wires that might have caused an accidental explosion. The investigators concluded that the plane had been deliberately blown up by someone who had put a time bomb in the passengers' luggage. If so, it would be the first known case of successful sabotage in the history of U.S. commercial aviation.

The Emerging Murderer. Having reconstructed the plane and the crime, the investigators set about reconstructing the criminal. The FBI turned loose some 200 agents on the case. Combing the crash area, the G-men found a cog from a clock that might have been the timing device on the bomb. Other agents interviewed relatives of the crash victims all over the U.S., carefully sifted through a hundred pasts for clues. Even before United Air Lines offered a \$25,000 reward for information, tipsters began to come forward. Bit by bit, the figure of the murderer began to emerge. Last week, 13 days after the crash, the FBI arrested Jack Graham, the attentive son.

John Gilbert Graham is a tall, husky man (6 ft, 1 in., 190 lbs.) with a shock of dark hair in a butch haircut, pouting lips and a perpetual hangdog look. At 23, he has an impressive criminal record and a reputation for secretiveness. He was born in Denver in 1932, the second child (by her second husband) of Daisie Walker, a politician's daughter from Steamboat Springs, Colo. When Jack was two, his father died, and Daisie was left penniless. She farmed out the boy and his older half-sister, Helen. Jack went to a Denver orphanage. In 1940, when his mother married John Earl King, a prosperous rancher, she gathered her family together again.

Jack was a good student and had a better-than-average I.Q. (115), but his classmates called him "Abigail" because "he was so different." He liked to hunt and fish, and his mechanical aptitude, ac-

cording to Dr. Earl G. Miller, the family physician, "bordered on genius." After one year of high school, Jack went off to Anchorage, Alaska, to stay with Helen and her husband, a construction worker. After a few months, however, he joined the Coast Guard, lying about his age (he was 16). After nine months, including 63 days AWOL, he was discharged as a minor. In January 1950, he was back in Denver. The next year he went to work for a manufacturer of trailer-truck equipment as a \$200-a-month payroll clerk. A month later, Graham stole a batch of company checks, forged the name of an official on them, and cashed \$4,200 worth in three days. Then he left on a five-state



Associated Press

JACK GRAHAM
Mother paid for extra baggage.

joy ride in a new convertible. Eight months later, he was arrested in Lubbock, Texas, in a shower of bullets, when he attempted to ram through a roadblock. He was sentenced to 60 days in jail for bootlegging, was later handed over to the Denver police to face the forgery charges. But when his family offered \$2,500 in partial restitution on the stolen \$4,200 and promised that Jack would repay the rest, the boy was put on probation.

"He shows very little concern over this offense," said a 1951 probation report. "For the past couple of years he led a wild life—spent most of his money on drinking parties and women. His mother appears to be a type that has overprotected her son." Yet Jack Graham seemed to mend his ways. Three years ago he married Gloria Elson, a Denver girl, and settled down to raise a family. Last year, when her third husband died, Daisie King bought the Crown-A, a drive-in hamburger stand in West Denver, for \$35,000, put Jack in charge (he also had a job as a mechanic at the local Hertz Drive-Urself agency). She also made a down payment on a small home for the Grahams.

"Anything for Money." Jack worked hard, made regular payments on his forgery debt (by last week he had reduced the balance to \$105.34), and seemed to be an exemplary family man. In his business he was erratic and clench-fisted, but he had a weakness for children, often selling 10¢ ice-cream cones to the local kids for a nickel. There were other inconsistencies in the picture. Not long ago, Jack stalled a pickup truck in the path of an oncoming train, collected from his insurance company. Last Labor Day a mysterious gas explosion damaged the Crown-A; the insurance company realized that it had been staged, but reluctantly paid Jack's claim. "He was an average personality but with some strange ideas," said Elvin West, a neighbor. "He once said to me, 'I'd do anything for money.'" And Jack knew that his mother had money—well over \$100,000.

Last month, when Daisie King packed her belongings for her trip to Alaska, Jack told his wife about a little surprise he had in mind. Daisie's hobby was making costume jewelry out of shells, and Jack had decided to buy her a small drill, of the type used in making shell jewelry, as a Christmas gift. He planned to sneak it into Daisie's suitcase, so mother would be surprised when she got to Alaska.

By the time FBI agents began to question Jack Graham last week, they already knew most of the answers. Graham had purchased six insurance policies at the airport, and only two—one in the amount of \$37,500 made out to Jack Graham—had been signed by Mrs. King. The only Denver resident who boarded the plane in Denver (and therefore the most likely to have a time bomb planted in her luggage) was Daisie King. Graham's actions after the tragedy had been suspicious; on the morning after the crash, he resigned his job at the Hertz agency, although his boss had offered him a three-week compassionate leave. A Kremmling, Colo., merchant, who had known Jack Graham when he was a boy, said that he was "pretty sure" that Graham had purchased 20 sticks of dynamite from him just three days before the fatal explosion.

After an overnight grilling, Jack Graham broke down, signed a statement (which he later repudiated) admitting that he had sneaked his surprise Christmas present into his mother's suitcase. It was no drill for shell jewelry. According to the investigators, Jack's Christmas present was a 14-lb. bundle of dynamite sticks, wired to two blasting caps and a timing device (probably a Westclox traveler's alarm clock) set for explosion in 90 minutes. This week there was speculation in Denver that if one passenger had not been late to his appointment with death, and Flight 629 had departed on schedule, the explosion might easily have occurred over the Wyoming Rockies not far from the place where another United Air Lines plane had crashed three weeks earlier (TIME, Oct. 17), and detection of sabotage would have been a great deal more difficult, if not impossible.

FOREIGN NEWS

INDIA

Call Us Mister

There had been no such excitement since Independence Day in 1947, no such pomp since George V, King and Emperor, summoned the princes of India to pay him homage at a royal durbar in 1911. An army of cosmeticians did over New Delhi. Whitewash and fresh paint suddenly beautified the twelve miles from the airport into the city. Unsightly shacks were torn down, red gravel was spread like rouge over rough paths and disheveled roads, and a multitude of women of

Smiles & Salutes. Perhaps one million Indians were massed at the airport or lined the twelve-mile route when a twin-engined Soviet transport, escorted by eight Indian jets, arrived in Delhi. Out stepped Nikolai Bulganin and wagged a light straw hat. Behind him came Nikita Khrushchev and wagged a light straw hat. A wave of onlookers broke over steel barricades and had to be beaten back by police swinging steel-tipped staves. Garlands formed nooses about the necks of the visitors, and an aimless cheer resolved itself into an intelligible chant: "Nehru! Bulganin! Khrushchev!" The

always by the heavy-footed scuffle of scores of security guards, waved their hats to thousands, dispensed autographs to clusters of children, gaped with tourist-like awe at sights and monuments. At one point, when a crowd sprinkled rose petals on Khrushchev's bald pate, Bulganin happily brushed them off with his wide-brimmed straw. Visiting an ancient observatory, Khrushchev asked for his horoscope, but was told it would take weeks of reading the stars to prepare. With a huge floral wreath, the two went to India's most important memorial, Raj Ghat, where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated. Removing their shoes, they stood at the spot for a silent moment (long enough to reflect, if they remembered at all, that the latest edition of the *Big Soviet Encyclopedia* calls the saint of India a reactionary who "pretended in a demagogic way" to lead the Indian independence movement).

Crowning a Winner. Later that day, a mass of 200,000 Indians squatted on the ground while Nehru and his Russian guests appeared on a rostrum built in the shape of a white pagoda. To great cheers the Russians raised Nehru's arm in the manner of a referee crowning a winner. A choir of schoolchildren sang *Indians and Russians Are Brothers*, written especially for the occasion. From the balcony, Nikolai Bulganin praised the "five principles of coexistence" agreed upon by Nehru and Red China's Chou En-lai. "We are allies in a great struggle for peace throughout the world," he told the huge crowd. "We are prepared to share with you our experiences in constructing industrial enterprises and utilizing atomic energy."

It was Pandit Nehru's pleasure to reply. Under Gandhi, he had remarked at Moscow, India had followed another path than the Bolshevik one, but "we were influenced by the example of Lenin." He was plainly moved also by the example of Lenin's mid-century successors. "Russia and India are coming together," he said. "The great mountain barrier our guests flew over yesterday in a few hours has ceased to be a wall separating us."

On the very day Misters Bulganin and Khrushchev got this glowing reception, a message from Nehru arrived in Washington. It was Nehru's response to a message of congratulations President Eisenhower had sent him on his 66th birthday, extolling India's "most successful experiment in democracy." In reply, Nehru thanked the President as "a great leader of a great nation, who has labored for peace and good will among nations and peoples." Nehru also seized one public occasion to tell Bulganin and Khrushchev that "We are in no camp and no military alliance." Such statements demonstrated that India's leader still considered himself to be the leader of a potentially great power exerting its force neutrally between the Communist and Western power blocs.



Associated Press

BULGANIN, KRUSHCHEV & HOST NEHRU IN NEW DELHI

"The great mountain barrier has ceased to be a wall."

low caste swept every inch of the main highway with hand brooms. If the visitors would only visit enough of the city, went a popular quip, New Delhi might quickly lose all its slums.

Red Soviet flags flew everywhere. Street names with an "imperial" flavor were changed, such as Queensway, which became Road of the People. Forty thousand schoolchildren rehearsed for days their roles as spontaneous greeters. Free special trains from the Punjab and Uttar Pradesh poured peasants in to swell the city crowd; other thousands arrived by foot, by bullock cart or by camel.

A season's harvest of roses, marigolds and other flowers were gathered for the occasion, moving Prime Minister Nehru to warn: "I have myself been repeatedly hurt a bit by the throwing of flowers. I should therefore particularly request that no flowers, garlands or bouquets be thrown at our guests." The guests-to-be themselves also issued an advance request—they wanted to be addressed as "plain Mister," would be "satisfied with common dishes," and wanted to be treated exactly equal.

Celebrities chatted. Nehru had heard that Bulganin wears a bullet-proof vest in public appearances. "I do not," said Bulganin. "Feel me." Nehru good-naturedly poked an inquiring finger at the Russian's chest. Then Bulganin turned to the crowd and raised his hands high in a happy prize-fighter's salute.

Nehru bawled into a microphone in Hindi. "Shut up!" and the crowd obeyed. Said the Premier of Russia: "Long live friendship!" Said the Prime Minister of India: "We are getting to know each other." Then guests and hosts piled into a green 1938 Cadillac convertible, once the possession of a maharaja, and rode past the festive, sweets-sucking multitude.

Gesture to Gandhi. The Indian leader, a tough if not ruthless foe of Communists within his own country, spared no effort to make international Communism's top dogs feel welcome and among friends. He arranged for them 18 days of sightseeing, state banquets, formal receptions, folk festivals.

By now professionals at the rumpled, old-shoe geniality routine, Mister Bulganin and Mister Khrushchev, preceded

But these professions hardly matched the ardent public welcome Nehru bestowed on Khrushchev and Bulganin—a performance which, if it did nothing else, could only serve to lend respectability to Russia's leaders in the eyes of India's millions.

GENEVA

The Great Divide

"And so that contact, that meeting of minds, and almost of hearts, which seemed to have taken place four months ago is—for the moment—broken. We stand looking at each other across a great divide." Thus did Britain's Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan pronounce the epitaph of the spirit of Geneva.

In the final days of the foreign ministers' conference, Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov disposed briskly of any illusion that the Russians might make concessions in the only area where the West had any real hope of progress. Every Western proposal for improved East-West contacts was either "inadmissible" or "interference" with Russia's internal affairs. "We will not grant freedom of propaganda calling for an atomic attack," he snapped, or for importing "all kinds of scum of society thrown out by the peoples of the countries of socialism and people's democracy."

In the end, the Big Four issued a two-sentence communiqué that mentioned no progress and did not schedule any future meeting. The West also issued its own communiqué for the ears of the Germans, expressing their sympathy with the "sense of cruel disappointment to the German people, East and West," and Dulles dispatched a private letter to Chancellor Adenauer pledging the U.S. to continue its efforts to reunite Germany. Geneva II was over.

In France and Britain, editorialists busily explained that no one had seriously expected much of the "spirit of Geneva" anyway. West Germany's tough old Konrad Adenauer, who dislikes uncertainty, heard the results almost with relief: reality was better than illusion. He briskly ordered the stalled rearmament program pushed through, so that West Germany could have four divisions by the end of 1956. On his behalf, a spokesman declared gratefully that in Geneva the West had "made the cause of reunification their own." But Socialists and members of the FDP, even some of Adenauer's own Christian Democrats, raised the familiar complaint, dating from the Berlin Conference, that the West had never asked the Russians the crucial question: Would they allow reunification if West Germany got out of NATO?

The theory of the unasked question is a myth that many German politicians desperately cling to. At Geneva the West had forced Molotov to admit plainly again and again, that whether or not West Germany is in NATO, Russia would never consent to free elections, which would allow West Germany to "swallow up" Communist East Germany. Already Molotov's admission had forced a new line in East Germany itself: free elections is a dirty term; after all, free elections had not prevented the emergence of Hitler. Wrote the party organ *Neues Deutschland*: "The lessons taught the German people as a result of their belief in the fairy tale of free elections under an imperialistic power are so bitter that anyone who forgets them for one single moment becomes a traitor to his country."

NORTH AFRICA
Return of the Distant Ones

North African political figures sent into exile or to prison are called *déloignés* (distant ones). Last week in French Morocco and Tunisia two such distant ones were close at hand. Both were nationalists whom the French had once deported; both were also moderates on whom both Frenchman and Arab must now depend if calm is to be restored in North Africa. But between the two there were significant differences.

Home to Morocco after two years of exile came Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, also known as Sultan Mohammed V, descendant of The Prophet.⁸ With him came two wives, four emancipated daughters and 22 veiled concubines.

At Rabat airport, Mohammed V stepped from a life of luxurious discontent into a chaos caused by the abdication of the French and a dying among the Moroccans themselves, some to retain their feudal fiefs, others to spread violence born of ignorance, a few to seek a difficult adjustment between ancient ways, present misery and future progress. Glowed one Moroccan: "The Sultan's exile was a great thing. We've achieved a political

* A lineage also claimed by the rulers of Jordan, Iraq, Yemen and Libya.

and national consciousness we weren't able to build in 40 years." But Morocco, unlike Tunisia, has few modern institutions of government, and Mohammed V, whose skill and devotion as a political engineer remain in doubt, faces the job of laying a solid roadbed atop the shifting sands of Arab ambitions.

Disappearing Zoo. Facing a crowd of 50,000 in front of his palace, Mohammed V spoke: "Dear people, here we are as you have known us, at the service of our dear country. Praise Allah who in his mercy has put an end to our tribulations."

Inside the palace he found a sultanic shambles. The palace furnishings, once a vast treasure, had been smashed or looted by French police and local vandals. Of his collection of 60 clocks, four remained; of hundreds of porcelain and crystal vases, one. Gone were the royal family photo albums, as well as the Sultan's 56 cars, trucks and buses, which the French government had sold off. Where once was a private zoo, only three gazelles and an ostrich remained. Muttered Mohammed V: "This is evil for evil's sake."

Long before daylight next morning, the Sultan drove to the holy city of Fez to kneel toward the rising sun, and to pray on a rug beside the grave of his mother, who had died of grief for her son ten days after his removal from the throne.

The day was Throne Day, the 28th anniversary of Mohammed V's accession. He capped it with a speech in which he proclaimed "the beginning of an era of liberty and independence," but remembered to say a kind word for the French: "The independence to which our people aspire does not mean breaking our bonds with France."

Morocco's nationalists had been happy to use him in exile as a symbol; the question now was whether they were prepared to accept him in person, or would find him



MOROCCO'S MOHAMMED V ON THRONE DAY
Praise for Allah, a prayer for mother, a cry for calm.

too pliant and suspect him of being manipulated by the French. That unanswered question moderated their welcome.

At week's end, with this question unanswered, the celebrating went on in the palace courtyard, where crowds gathered and milled. Suddenly someone spotted Ta-yeh Baghdadi, Caliph (deputy) to the Pasha of Fez, who had come to Rabat to make amends to the Sultan for having supported his banishment. The mob closed in, kicked and beat him, ripped off his white silken robes. "The Sultan may forget, but we will not forgive you!" cried one. The Caliph fought for his life, but a rock on the head finished him.

Leaving two other stripped bodies on the pavement, the mob then surged through the gate, trampled two men to death and danced around their corpses. Another victim was doused with gasoline and set afire. Trembling with disgust and worry, Mohammed V emerged from the palace and pleaded: "Be calm, be calm!"

"Our Given Word." In Tunisia, the returned hero was Habib Bourguiba, no Sultan but a French-educated lawyer and the father of Tunisian nationalism. An *éloigné* off and on since 1934, when he was first clapped into a Sahara prison, he returned last June from exile in France, bringing with him a pact with France which took Tunisia a long stride toward democratic self-government. He found himself locked in a struggle for leadership of the Neo-Destour (New Constitution) Party, which he had founded.

His rival was Salah ben Youssef (no kin to Morocco's Sultan), who in exile in Cairo had increased his hatred of the French and had come home preaching guerrilla warfare. Bourguiba ousted him as secretary-general of the Neo-Destour, and last week defended his action at a big party conclave in Sfax. If Tunisians start killing, cried Bourguiba, "world opinion will call us children. We must keep our given word, which is the source of our success. By discussion with France, everything can be settled."

His two hours of pulsating oratory ended with a fiery question: "Are you prepared to resume fighting under Salah ben Youssef?" The party's reply was a thundering no. Of course, Bourguiba has warned, if France wavers on her promises, "we will all become extremists and I will be the leader."

WEST GERMANY

Bigger & Bigger

"Turn the people and the money loose," says West Germany's free-enterprising Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, "and they will make the country strong." Last week the Organization for European Economic Cooperation reported that in the first half of 1955, men and marks of the Federal Republic pushed their country's rate of industrial production to the highest peak in German history, higher than any other European nation's, 17% above last year's record level, and nearly double what the same area turned out in 1936.

MIDDLE EAST

The Dangerous Mosque

Teheran's Mosque of the Shah is getting to be no refuge for Premiers of Iran. In 1951, Premier Ali Razmara, one of Iran's ablest men, was assassinated there by a member of the fanatic Fadayan Islam (Crusaders of Islam). Last week 72-year-old Hussein Ala, the ablest of Razmara's successors as Premier, arrived at the mosque for a memorial service. Entering, he shucked his shoes, started across the carpeted floor. He was stopped by a thin-bearded man who drew a revolver and shouted: "Why are there so many



All Khadem—Black Star

HUSSEIN ALA
An undershirt on the line.

prostitutes in the city?" The bearded man fired a single shot, but one of Ala's bodyguards, with quick presence of mind, jolted his arm just in time, and the shot went wide. As the assailant grappled with the bodyguards, he managed to get one hand free, and to hit Ala on the back of the head with the revolver before he was dragged away.

At the police station the assailant, 32-year-old Muzaffar Ali Zolgardr, feigned insanity in an effort to conceal the fact that he actually was an assassin on assignment. But on his undershirt, cops found two messages written in red ink: "The military pact and oil agreement must be abrogated and all Moslem rules enforced. Islam is above all." The second was from the Koran: "Those who get killed for God and for His rules are not dead but alive." Confronted, Zolgardr at last confessed that he had received orders from Fadayan Islam to kill Ala "because he was treading in the path of treason."

As for Ala, he was taken to a nearby hospital to have his minor head injury treated. Unshaken, he told a TIME correspondent: "Write your magazine that our enemy's attempt to change the situation

has failed, and I will be going to Bagdad tomorrow," for the first meeting of the "northern-tier" powers, who are joined in a mutual-defense pact against Communism.

The Sequences

Officially, the U.S. and Britain "see eye to eye on the imperative necessity of an early settlement in the Middle East." But in practice, a pointed difference turned up last week. At the very moment that Israel was asking the U.S. State Department for arms to meet "the grave national emergency" created by Egypt's Soviet arms deal, Sir Anthony Eden was pushing a "compromise" plan to redraw Israel's border in favor of her neighbors. Eden, anxious to avert war (but also hopeful of weaning the oil-rich Arab states away from Soviet influence), proposed that new frontiers be drawn around Israel somewhere between the narrower limits proposed in the U.N. partition plan of 1947 and those accepted by the Arab states in the 1949 armistice.

To embattled and embittered Israelis, Eden's proposal was proof positive that the British Foreign Office would like to carve up their country into tidbits for the Arab states. The most overworked word in Israel last week was "Munich," and the most popular slogan "We have no Benes for Britain." Appearing in Parliament in khaki battle dress, Premier David Ben-Gurion rasped out against "dismemberment of Israel [and] a grant of reward to the Arab aggressors of 1948 . . . Israel will not yield an inch." The defiant speech caught the spirit of the streets: the mood seemed to be that Israel might find itself without friends, and might even find itself at war, but if so, so be it.

In Washington, the State Department pointedly omitted to endorse the Eden border compromise. Still hoping not to choose sides between Israelis and Arabs while discouraging both from making trouble, the State Department was warned by the Egyptian and Syrian ambassadors that if it complies with Israel's request for "emergency" arms, they will feel obliged "to buy more arms elsewhere."

Everybody was caught up in a succession of sequences. Egypt's purchase of Soviet arms had set off the Arab-Israeli tension; Egypt's own dangerous flirtation with the Communists had in turn been set off by the decision of the northern Arab states to side with the West. On that basic Middle East decision, the U.S. and Britain still saw eye to eye. Accompanied by General Sir Gerald Templer, chief of the Imperial General Staff, Britain's Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan flew to Bagdad for the first Northern Tier meeting under the new Bagdad Pact. Britain has formally linked itself with Iraq, Iran and Pakistan in the pact. Though not a member, the U.S. showed its support by sending as "military and political liaison" Admiral John H. Cassady and Ambassador to Iraq Waldemar Gallman.

Moscow angrily denounced the Bagdad meeting as "the creation of a new, aggres-

sive alignment" against Russia. Soviet diplomats were dickering to sell arms to Syria, Saudi Arabia and Yemen—all of them countries located south of the line behind which the Northern Tier is supposed to contain Soviet Communism.

TURKEY

Democratic Split

With no major organized opposition, the Democratic Party of Turkey's President Celal Bayar and Premier Adnan Menderes expected no difficulties at last week's municipal elections. The opposition Republicans, founded by the late great Kemal Ataturk, had boycotted the elections in advance, declaring: "We are attacked on radio, but not allowed to defend ourselves on radio. To answer accusations in the press constitutes an offense under the press law." But just to be sure of victory, Democrats in at least one district searched voters for anti-government literature, and had many bundled off to police stations for questioning.

Nevertheless, a surprising number of candidates running as independents managed without any machine support to get elected. They won 23% of the 11,768 town- and city-council seats at stake. After the election, one Democratic Deputy in the national Parliament quit the party, protesting that it "no longer has any concept of freedom and democracy." He teamed up with 19 other former Democratic Party M.P.s who last month rebelled against the leadership and quit the party. The rebels met in Ankara and formed a new party, the Freedom Party. Their platform: the 1950 Democratic program which the Democrats have failed to carry out.

SPAIN

Hizzoner Robin Hood

Times were hard in the little Spanish town of Santisteban del Puerto when young (30) Mayor Agustin Sanchez Lopez-Conesa took office in 1946. For two years straight, a searing drought had scorched the olive groves that were the town's only means of subsistence. More than 700 families were without work or food. "One day," recalls Don Agustin, "I came across the body of a worker, dead from starvation, lying in a ditch by the roadside. That decided it for me. There were too many rich people in my town for the poor to be dying of hunger."

Without law or precedent to justify him, the mayor, himself a well-heeled aristocrat, began a campaign to equalize local resources in a system of "voluntary donations" levied against the rich. "I myself opened the subscription with a donation of 2,000 pesetas," he said. "Then I dedicated myself to visiting all the well-off people to obtain donations."

One patrician who refused to ante up was promptly popped in jail. With these funds and others collected through high special taxes on "luxury items," Don Agustin was soon providing free meals

for 4,000 townsfolk every day. In time, his "Social Benefits Fund" was expanded to cover an ambitious job-providing public-works program, which gave the town new streets, a better sewage system, a recreation hall for workers and even a new altar for the local church. Some of the funds were used to make a movie about the Santisteban way, which brought more funds into the town coffers.

When at last the rains returned to nourish the olive crops, the poorer townpeople of Santisteban were happy in a prosperity such as they had never known before. The rich were not so happy. In April 1949, the wealthy industrialist whom



Don Agustin Sanchez
Few olives but many seeds.

Don Agustin had jailed for failing to contribute to his fund haled the mayor to court for illegal taxation. Don Agustin was forced to resign his office. He was free on bail during the five years it took the slow-moving Fascist courts to bring him to trial. When he was tried a year ago, the court said it was sorry, but the fact remained: Don Agustin had violated the law. He was sentenced to one month and a day in jail, fined 1,580 pesetas and ordered to pay back every cent (total 64,367 pesetas) he had extorted.

Last week, seizing on a legal quibble (the case was improperly drawn) to mask its compassion, Spain's supreme court reversed the lower court's decision and absolved Don Agustin of all blame with the passing note that he "was motivated by the sole desire to resolve with honor and efficiency the multiple and urgent problems facing his community." From all over Spain, letters of congratulation poured in, but for Don Agustin, onetime mayor of Santisteban, the kindest words of all were spoken by a weather-beaten olive picker in his town. "Don Agustin," said the old man, "at last justice has been done. The people are very happy."

FRANCE

Agonized Men

Returning from Geneva, Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay observed that the next step was for the foreign ministers to report to their chiefs of government—"at least those lucky enough to have one," he added wryly. At week's end Pinay and France still had Edgar Faure as chief of government. But he was a Premier kept in office by Communist votes, at odds with his Cabinet, rebuffed by his Assembly.

Concealed in the bewildering shuttlecocking of maneuvers was a crucial issue: how a new Assembly should be elected. The method chosen would determine the balance of political power in France. All week Deputies shifted and trimmed, rejected in the Assembly what they accepted in committee, approved in the mornings what they killed at night.

Three Methods. At week's end the game was not yet over, but it was clear who was behind. Faure had lost his bid for early elections in December. Out of sheer indecision, the Assembly let time run out during one confused midnight session. It was a clear victory for ex-Premier Mendes-France, who had been fighting for delay until he could organize a left-center coalition that might return him to power. Now elections would be impossible until January, at the earliest.

Still unsettled was the method. The three principal methods under debate:

¶ Proportional Representation. Seats allotted to each party in the same proportion as its total popular vote. This favors the big mass parties like the Socialists and Communists.

¶ Man-for-Man Voting. This is basically the U.S. method of election by small electoral district (there are 311 arrondissements). If no candidate wins an absolute majority, there is a runoff one week later. This encourages voting for the man instead of the party, favors parties of "notables," such as the Radicals.

¶ The Alliance System. The system now in effect, it was devised by the center parties in 1951 to cut down the strength of extreme right and left. Elections are by departments (roughly equivalent to large U.S. counties). Each party can pool its votes with others to form an *apparetement*, or alliance in each of the 90 departments of France. If the alliance as a whole wins a majority in the department, it takes all the seats. The seats are then divided proportionally among the victorious group. Since nobody in 1951 was apt to ally with either the Communists or the Gaullists, this method allowed the center parties to unite as friends long enough to win all the seats in the department, then as rivals to whack up the spoils. Basically, it is unfair, and most Deputies admit it. Still in effect, it was the only one with a chance of approval in time to allow Faure's early elections.

New Maps. For parties and Deputies choosing the most desirable method is a matter of life and death. For example, the Communists now have 94 seats, the

Radicals 75. Under proportional representation, experts estimate the Communists would increase their seats to 160; the Radicals (who include both Faure and Mendes-France) would drop to 60. But under the small-district system, the Communists would drop to 70 seats, the Radicals increase to 110.

At week's end, unable to pass a satisfactory bill, the Assembly voted to put off debate entirely until the government drafted a new map of electoral districts. With every Deputy's seat at stake, the arguments over the exact boundaries of each district might take months. The French Assembly, which had shown little talent for living, was also showing little grace in dying.

GREAT BRITAIN

Useful Privilege

The members of virtually every royal house, regnant or deposed, in Europe are related to Europe's most prospering crown, Britain's. Among them is Prince Ernest Augustus of Hanover, who is descended from King James I's granddaughter, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, and thereby legally entitled to ascend the British throne—provided that the 60-odd heirs who precede him all die. Last week, after a year of litigation, the British court of appeal ruled that Prince Ernest's ancestry entitles him to an even more useful privilege: that of British nationality. By implication, the court's decision, based on a law passed in 1705, would grant the same privilege, on application, to the present Kings of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Greece, the Queen of The Netherlands, the descendants of the late Kaiser Wilhelm II and to some 400 other non-Roman-Catholic heirs, including the wives of an interior decorator in Amarillo, Texas and a lawyer in Springfield, Mo.



Mainichi Shimbun
NOBUSUKE KISHI
Sooner or later.

SOUTH WEST AFRICA

A Slow Swallowing

South West Africa is 900 miles of treeless coast and diamond-bearing desert populated by Afrikaners. Bastards (mixed blood settlers from the old Cape Colony), Hottentots, Hereros and the largest colony of Germans ever to settle anywhere in the former German empire. The name of the capital's principal street is still Kaiserstrasse, and waiters in its sandpitted beer parlors answer to the call of *Herr Ober*. For 35 years South West Africa (pop. 450,000), taken from Germany at Versailles and put under a League of Nations mandate, has been run by the Union of South Africa, whose Nationalist government has long wanted to throw off U.N. surveillance and incorporate it as a fifth province.*

Last week the Nationalists won an important round in their fight by sweeping 16 of 18 seats in South West Africa's territorial assembly elections. The territory's influential German bloc, whose 10,000 members warmed up to Hitler in 1939 and seem to be all for South Africa's racial *apartheid* now, provided the wide margin of victory. But the winners, for all their anti-U.N. gloating, intend to go slow in merging South West Africa into the Union. The Nationalist government apparently wants first to build up its influence to the point where German Southwesters no longer think of themselves as apart from the Afrikaans-speaking community.

JAPAN

Sceneshifters

In the Japanese theater, it is not necessary to lower the curtain to change the scene. Stagehands, wearing black suits, dart from behind a black curtain to shift scenery and help actors change costumes while the performance goes on. The audience understands from the black curtain (called *kuromaku*) that the stagehands aren't really there. Japanese politics also has its background manipulators who pretend not to be there and plainly are, and they are appropriately called *kuromaku*.

Last week the *kuromaku* of politics went to work and in a twinkling rearranged the whole stage. They consolidated Japan's two big feuding conservative parties, the Liberals and the Democrats, into one gigantic party, the Liberal-Democrats, which will control 300 of 467 seats in the Diet's Lower House. The merger marks the beginning of the end for Ichiro Hatoyama, who as a candidate was a great vote getter, but in office has been a weak, indecisive and garrulous Prime Minister. Hatoyama will stay in office until next April, but with a new Cabinet to be divided almost equally between Democrats and Liberals.

* South Africa's walkout in the U.N., a fortnight ago, on the ground that racial segregation is its own domestic affair, saved South Africa from debating its activities in South West Africa, which it would find harder to justify and more of the U.N.'s business.

Two Parties. Since the two parties have long shared a firm conservatism at home and a generally anti-Communist leaning in foreign affairs, the merger should make conservative policy more stable, as well as nullify the recent parliamentary threat posed by the merger of the left- and right-wing Socialists (who together now have 154 seats). One immediate result: a hardening of Japan's demands for return in the current negotiations for a Russo-Japanese peace settlement. A second major result: the beginning of a two-party system in Japan.

The man chiefly responsible for the big shift is the smoothest *kuromaku* of them all: Nobusuke Kishi. A candid, confident pro, Kishi masterminded the formation of the Democratic Party and its ouster of Premier Shigeru Yoshida's Liberals from power last year. He is the man who put elderly (72), crippled Ichiro Hatoyama into power and is now preparing to nudge him out.

Two Ambitions. As the newly merged Liberal-Democratic Party held its first meeting last week, the talk was that Kishi had definitely settled on his candidate for new Prime Minister. He is Taketora (literally, Bamboo Tiger) Ogata, 67, ex-editor of *Asahi*, Japan's leading daily, and Deputy Prime Minister in the late Yoshida regime. Ogata is a stocky, round-faced man whose baggy eyes sometimes suggest a Buddha on a bender. His past includes several incidents of personal courage against Japanese militarists before the war. With Nobusuke Kishi behind him, Ogata is the front-runner for leadership of the new party and the Prime Ministership, both to be decided in April.

But Kishi the *kuromaku* is beginning to show signs of restlessness. Kishi considers himself a leader of the younger conservatives (he is 59), and believes that



Kyodo News
TAKETORA OGATA
Perhaps in April.

they "sooner or later" must take over from the old conservatives. The cast is beginning to suspect that the sceneshifter has been struck with a sudden yearning to play the lead himself.

Banzai

In the Philippine hills, there are still several hundred Japanese soldiers holding out in isolated misery, unaware that World War II is over. Occasionally one gives up. Not so Seaman Noboru Kinoshita, who escaped from a sinking troopship off the Philippines in 1944. For eleven years, Seaman Kinoshita lived on lizards, frogs, fruit and wild monkeys in the jungles of Luzon awaiting the day when a victorious Japanese navy would come to rescue him. That day never dawned, but last fortnight, as he raided a jungle-side sweet-potato patch, Kinoshita was picked up by Philippine police. "When," he asked, "will my head be cut off?" Told that he would not be killed at all, but sent home a free man, Kinoshita grew very sad. Last week, deprived of a hero's death by a too-forgiving enemy, he hanged himself.

MacArthur Marriages

Camphor balls and chrysanthemums mingled their odors in stately Meiji Memorial Hall last week as eager bridegrooms in rented cutaways thronged Tokyo's biggest marriage center to claim their kimonoed brides. In the corridors couples stood ten and twelve deep, waiting to go through the sake-drinking ceremony known as three-times-three-is-nine. Between marriages, the blue-and-white-robed Shinto priests, whose duty it is to provide suitable flute music, raced to washrooms to soak their aching fingers in hot water.

Downtown on the Ginza, a big department store was doing a hot-cakes business in a \$3,000 "bride's special"—wedding kimono, TV set, gas range, refrigerator, washing machine, furniture, trousseau and a supply of salad dressing—while the enterprising hotelkeepers of Atami, Japan's Niagara Falls, offered special rates on honeymoon suites with "a bathtub just big enough for two." November is Japan's traditional wedding season,⁶ and with 700,000 couples either wed or affianced, this year's season promises to be perhaps the biggest since World War II.

Meet the Missus. Next year, under the lunar calendar, will be the "Year of the Monkey," which presents a poor augury for married bliss. But there is another reason for last week's rush to the altar. Marriages are now arranged with greater ease, thanks to the MacArthur constitution, which supposedly equalized the sexes. The ancient gentlemen whose business it has long been to arrange marriages between families without the knowledge or consent of either bride or groom are still as busy as ever. But in modern Japan, young people find more opportunity to



RURAL JAPANESE BRIDE (SIPPING SACRED WINE) & GROOM
Also a bathtub built for two.

Sun Pictorial Daily

meet under less formal circumstances and even to fall in love.

Faced with their youngsters' firm determination to marry whom they wish, many Japanese parents tend to bow to the inevitable, masking their parental pride behind a face-saving ritual in which the already-well-acquainted couple are formally introduced to each other. Many an urban bridegroom has a new respect for his prize. At Meiji Hall last week, one busy girl marriage clerk noted with satisfaction that nine out of every ten grooms let their brides step into the marriage limousine before them.

Cow Without Horns. Yet, despite all the Occupation's well-meant effort to liberate Japanese women, 70% of Japanese marriages are still arranged by parents, with no say-so left to the bride herself. A recent poll of eligible bachelors reveals that most of them rate "obedience" high in a prospective wife's virtues, and greybeards still happily recall the days when every Japanese bride was given a sword on her wedding to remind her that death was preferable to desertion. In the rural districts, where from time immemorial wives have been the best beasts of burden, today's bride is still, as one Welfare Ministry official put it last week, little more than "a cow without horns."

NORWAY

Repeating, Not Retreating

Of the 15 nations in NATO, only Norway and Turkey have a border on the Soviet Union. Last week Norway's Premier Einar Gerhardsen, on a twelve-day good-will junket to Russia, signed a communiqué with Soviet Premier Bulganin promising not to "open bases for foreign

forces on Norwegian territory as long as Norway is not attacked or threatened with attack." The communiqué had the sound of a retreat from Norway's fidelity to NATO, and Communist newspapers in Europe so played it. Actually, Gerhardsen was merely repeating a pledge made to the Soviet Union in 1949, just before Norway joined NATO. Norway has five NATO-built air bases, and is getting seven more. Allied aircraft can drop in on them but cannot be stationed there unless Norway feels imminently threatened by attack. Denmark has a similar clause in its NATO membership.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Big Brother

Jiri Hajek first revealed himself to be a Communist during the 1948 coup, when the Iron Curtain clanked down on Czechoslovakia. As a professor of international relations, he later proved his devotion to Big Brother by writing a book called *The Wilson Legend in the History of the Czechoslovak Republic*, a sleazy effort to debunk Czechoslovakia's esteem for Woodrow Wilson. For this and similar services, Hajek last May was made Czech ambassador to London.

He was as loyal a servant as Big Brother could wish. Discovering a concealed microphone in his office, Hajek concluded that the decadent British were spying on him. He complained to the British Foreign Office and demanded an investigation. He got one. The Foreign Office traced the planted mikes to a London shop, where they had been bought several weeks before—by a member of Hajek's own embassy staff. Big Brother was still watching.

⁶ Because, some say, rural fathers liked to wait until harvest time to see how their prospective daughters-in-law got in the rice before they signed them up.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

U.S. JEWS HYSTERICAL OVER THE MIDDLE EAST

Editor WILLIAM ZUKERMAN, in the bi-weekly review, JEWISH NEWSLETTER:

THREE cannot be the slightest doubt that a state of mind very much like that of Israel now prevails among American Jews. There is a fanatical certainty abroad that there is only one truth and that Israel is the sole custodian of it. No distinction is made between the Jews of the world and Israel, and not even between the Israeli government and Israel. Israeli statesmen and their policies are assumed to be inviolate and above criticism. There is a frightening intolerance of opinions differing from those of the majority, a complete disregard of reason, and a yielding to the emotions of a stampeding herd.

There is only one important difference between the Israeli and the American Jews. In Israel, the outburst of emotionalism, as far as one can judge from outside, has a basis in reality. It wells from the hidden springs of a disillusioned people who were promised security and peace and find themselves in a war trap. The American-Jewish brand of hysteria is entirely without roots in the realities of American-Jewish life. It is completely artificial, manufactured by the Zionist leaders, and almost mechanically foisted on a people who have no cause for hysteria by an army of paid propagandists as a means of advancing a policy of avowed political pressure and of stimulating fund raising. Never before has a propaganda campaign in behalf of a foreign government been planned and carried out more blatantly and cynically, in the blaze of limelight and to the fanfare of publicity, than the present wave of hysteria now being worked up among American Jews.

AMERICANS SHOULD STOP BAITING INTELLECTUALS

Bishop JOHN J. WRIGHT of Worcester, Mass., in a Founders' Day sermon at St. Louis University:

IT makes little difference why so many Catholics have conformed with the prevailing patterns of anti-intellectualism in our day. Such conformity may be part of the pattern by which our people have in all things sought to demonstrate how thoroughly American they are. In any case, it is unfortunate both for us and for America. Such a suspicious contempt for the intellectual life is far from being a Catholic phenomenon. It is a kind in the American character generally. It is the more unbecoming in Catholics, however, because it is so utterly out of harmony with any authentic

Catholic tradition, and it is therefore the more painful that it should reveal itself on public questions and in community life as so entrenched among us.

Perhaps it is necessary for us to develop a special patience with the bright and sometimes irritatingly brilliant, a patience comparable to that we have virtuously tried to have toward the dull. Perhaps it is needed that we be slow to label [as] "revolutionaries," or liberals in any unfavorable sense, those who have many ideas, including occasional disturbing ideas, instead of a mere comfortable few. Perhaps it is well if we preached as often on intellectual sloth as we tend to preach on intellectual pride.

The dangers of intellectual pride are many and grave, and we do well to discipline ourselves and our students in the moral and ascetical controls of this as of all other vices. But the dangers of intellectual stagnation are not less grievous both for individual personality and for the common good. The wrath of the stupid has laid waste the world quite as often as has the craft of the bright.

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD: A COLLEAGUE'S EULOGY

Playwright MAXWELL ANDERSON, in a funeral oration spoken in St. George's Episcopal Church, Manhattan, by Actor ALFRED LUNT:

WE all have to come to terms with death, all of us who live long enough to know that it happens, long enough to welcome it or fear it. In this scientific age most of us accept the biological doctrine that birth and death are the essential machinery of evolution, reciprocal phases that make it possible for a species to change, perhaps to improve, over long periods of years. But that takes none of the heartbreak out of it, none of the sense of needless loss. And there are some few in every generation whom we would like to see exempt from the general law.

Some few among us seem to be successful experiments, much too valuable to be discarded lightly in the vast game of trial and error in which we are all discarded, in which we may indeed lead to something but may never, any one of us, be anything permanent. If we are to choose out of the men we thought worthy to survive beyond their times, our lists would be brief and they would not be the same, but Robert Sherwood would stand high in the balloting.

When we say that we have lost incalculably in intelligence, humor, and human kindness, we can see Bob's face, brooding for a moment before he can find and utter his implacable, unanswerable comment on these trite phrases.

He has escaped us now, as all escape into death, both from friends and enemies. But the memory of his face, his voice, his wit that seemed to gather slowly like a storm and flash with its lightning, these are still strongly with us, and there is none among us that doesn't have a sentence or phrase or episode etched on his cortex to remind him of what manner of man Sherwood was. No stranger could ever encounter Bob without becoming aware that he was in the presence of a formidable brain and personality. No friend of Bob's ever found him lacking in warmth, sympathy or time when there were troubles to be met. Though he was no opportunist, though he said what he thought whenever it was useful, he made few enemies. Many stood in awe of him because of his deft and pungent tongue, but apt as he was in attack or retort, Sherwood was ready still to give mercy, happier to be tolerant than to be angry.

In the American theater the death of Sherwood has an effect comparable to the removal of a major planet from a solar system. Nothing will be the same for any of us, near or far, from now on. There is no disguising that the death of Robert Sherwood is a heavy misfortune for us and for our times. We wish the dice could have fallen the other way. It was a better world when we had him with us.

STEVENSON'S CANDIDACY: TWO VIEWS

THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS:

IT'S high time, says Mr. Alben W. Barkley, for the Democrats "to resume the executive direction of our national affairs"—meaning for the nation to go back to the grand old days of war, inflation, government by crony and crook, White House seizure of private property, and all the rest of it.

THE WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES HERALD:

THREE should be a sense of reassurance in the country that Adlai E. Stevenson has announced his candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination next year. He has demonstrated a wisdom and a degree of responsibility too seldom found in politicians, and he is a man of principle and intelligence. If the Democrats choose him again, and if the Republicans also are as wise and as fortunate as they were in 1952, the country may face the forthcoming campaign with equanimity. Mr. Stevenson appears today to be almost the ideal leader from the Democratic viewpoint, for he combines liberalism with moderation and conservatism with understanding. He fits the mood of the times as well as any Democrat on the scene today.



Hard top, soft top or open—the Thunderbird is the star in *any* setting!

And now: the latest version
of America's most exciting car:

Ford THUNDERBIRD for '56

Ready to give you a new lease on driving fun, this newest version of America's favorite dream car is more stunning in style . . . more thrilling in power . . . more luxurious in comfort.

Here poised for flight, you see what many people hardly dreamed possible: a more beautiful, more powerful, more distinctive Thunderbird.

The graceful contours of its long, low lines . . . the unique flair of its new spare-tire mounting . . . the dazzling sheen of its new two-tone colors are but a hint of its newness.

It is when you put the selector in

drive position and nudge the gas pedal of a Fordomatic model that the Thunderbird will really take you by the heart. Beneath the hood is a new 225-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8, to revise your ideas of how a car should respond.

Now, you may choose hard top, soft top or both. There's a glass-fibre hard top and a foldaway fabric top. Now, the interiors are richer—more beautiful than ever. Now, you get the added protection of Ford's exclusive Lifeguard design. And, as always, you may have optional power steering, brakes, windows and seat. Ask your Ford Dealer just how soon you can start enjoying the better things of driving.



The Thunderbird's brand-new, rear spare-tire mounting folds back handily as quick as a wink. It adds as greatly to your luggage space as it does to the over-all beauty of the car.



Presenting
America's finest gift decanter
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Here indeed is a memorable gift. A decanter so handsomely designed it will continue to give pleasure long, long after Christmas.

And this most beautiful of decanters holds a full quart of the whiskey millions have chosen as a most special gift year after year . . . smooth, mellow Four Roses.

P.S.—Also available in regular bottle (4/5 qt.) in handsome gift carton.



Available in
quarts only—
no added cost
for decanter

FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CO., INC., BLENDED WHISKEY, 40% PROOF, 80% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Argentine marines swooped into the Buenos Aires headquarters of the diehard Peronista labor confederation, in a double-locked room discovered a white-shrouded body laid out on a long table flanked by evergreens. The corpse: none other than **Eva Perón**, perfectly preserved though three years dead of cancer, whose whereabouts was till now a mystery to Argentina's victorious revolutionaries. With ex-Dictator **Juan Perón** (the "immortal widower") now in exile, Eva's remains will probably be turned over to her mother for burial at last.

At a Hollywood première, grey-templed Cinemate **Clark Gable**, 54, and his fifth wife, sometime actress **Kay Williams**, 37, managed smiles on Kay's first venture in public since she lost the baby she had been expecting next May.

In California's oasis community of Palm Springs, the relatively modest (4,750 sq. ft. of floor space) \$650,000 ranch house of Los Angeles industrialist **Robert McCulloch** (power mowers, chain saws) was near completion after a year's construction. Big reason for the dream house's high cost: gadget-mad Bob McCulloch's departure from mere reliance on ordinary home appliances into pioneering a sort of householder's pushbutton paradise. Items: 1) beds that spring up and away from walls for easier sheet-tucking, 2) two bars with refrigerated drawers for glassware, perpetually cold ice buckets, automatic bottle-delivery tubes, 3) a tennis court sunken completely below the annoying swath of desert winds, 4) a swimming pool with surrounding tiles re-

frigerated to prevent hot feet, and at poolside a "spit" that will rotate sunbathers too lazy to turn themselves for an even tan.

After duly stabbing herself to wind up a soaring performance in *Madame Butterfly*, Hell's-Kitchen-born Soprano **Maria Meneghini Callas** (TIME, Nov. 21) strode offstage in Chicago's Civic Opera House, applause still caressing her ears. She fluttered straight into an ambush party of eight process servers, who were there to tag her with summonses in breach-of-contract suits brought against her by a Manhattan lawyer. Windmilling in outrage and trilling furiously in English and Italian, Grand Diva Callas erupted: "Get your hands off me! Don't touch me, don't touch me! Chicago will be sorry for this!" As the servers, aghast at having a tigress by the tail, retreated, La Callas, cheered on by theater employees and fans, bared



SOPRANO CALLAS & SERVER
Undue process.

her fangs to cry: "I will not be served! I have the voice of an angel! No man can serve me!" Then she lunged into her dressing room. Long after the platoon of servers had gone, Maria's shrieks were counterpointed by the sound of bric-a-brac smashing against the walls. Next morning Soprano Callas, leaving her summonses behind her, hopped off to Milan. Arriving in sunny Italy, she was still in high-soprano dudgeon. "Those Zulus maltreated me," she caterwauled. "But I don't care a dime what those people say or do!"

The trim queen of modern U.S. racing yachts, **Bolero**, a 75-ft. yawl seldom out of first place in her class, was sold by the New York Yacht Club's former commodore, salty Multi-millionaire John **Nicholas Brown** (once renowned as "the world's richest baby"), to boat-loving Swedish Shipping Magnate **Sven Sölen**, whose line of six-meter yachts (all chris-

J. R. Eyerman—LIFE
GADGET-LOVER McCULLOCH
Cool feet.



Morris Rosenfeld
YACHTSMAN BROWN
Sale ho!

tened *Maybe*) is a perennial threat in Eastern U.S. sailing contests. Price paid for *Bolero*, Class A winner of the 1950 and 1954 Newport-to-Bermuda races, was undisclosed. Her original cost: \$250,000.

A month after she accidentally shot and killed her husband, millionaire Sportsman William Woodward Jr., in their Long Island mansion (TIME, Nov. 7), **Ann Eden Crowell Woodward**, 39, recovering from shock and a virus infection, was slated for release from a Manhattan hospital this week.

In a California court, **Tyrus Raymond ("The Georgia Peach") Cobb**, 68, always a crusty gamecock on the baseball diamond, faced a \$50,000 personal injuries suit slapped on him by Elbert D. Felts, oldtime Pacific Coast Leaguer, ex-hunting companion and ex-friend of Cobb's. Felts claimed that Cobb, outraged because he had been stuck with a dinner check, attacked him and aggravated an old back injury. The jury, though not exactly swayed by Ty's plea of self-defense (he has had two heart attacks), decided that Felts's injuries did not merit payment of damages, voted (9 to 3) for Cobb.

At a Roman court auction of confiscated goods, Italy's ailing Red Boss **Palmoiro Togliatti** popped up as the only bidder for a treasured souvenir, a .38-cal. pistol, plus four cartridges (one unfired), the implements of an assassination try made on Togliatti in 1948 by a Sicilian student. Going, going, gone for 97¢.

Well-tiered Cinemactress **Terry (Come Back Little Sheba) Moore**, often a headline-maker because of her delight in sartorial brevity (e.g., an ermine bathing-suit

The World's Most Honored Christmas Gift

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TEN WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
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This Christmas, for as little as \$71.50, you may buy and proudly give the horological achievement of our time—a Longines. Yes, whether the Longines you select costs as little as \$71.50 or as much as \$1,000—in quality and style it will be uniquely Longines, the world's most honored watch, the world's most honored gift. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be honored to serve you.

Illustrated—Longines 18K Gold Watches for Christmas. Left: the Chancellor, with frame of 44 diamonds, \$475. Right: Diamond Coronation, 34 diamonds, \$375, v.t.s.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

ensembl'e in Korea in 1953), was "trapped" in an unusually overexposed pose last June by a Turkish photographer in Istanbul. Wailed she then: "A terrible blow—and just when I've been studying Shakespeare four hours a day." Scandalmongering *Rave* magazine soon got around to handing Terry its "Lady Bum" award for her "hypocritical display of outraged modesty." Last week, feeling degraded and maligned, Terry entered the lists of Hollywood stars tilting with the sewer sheets (*TIME*, July 11), lanced *Rave* with a \$2,000,000 libel suit.

To help ballyhoo a \$50-a-plate benefit for Manhattan's nonprofit Actors' Studio, Cinemactor Marlon Brando, a Studio alumnus, and Hollywood Expatriate Marilyn Monroe, presently a Studio "observer," got together to make an unlikely combination that could be a hilari-



Milton H. Greene
BRANDO & MONROE
The old school tie.

ous bonanza at the box office. Features of next month's Studio freebie: legerdemain by Actor Orson Welles, risqué-poetry reading by Playwright Tennessee Williams, "after-midnight" songs by Italy's Cinemactress Anna Magnani.

At a small family dinner in Windsor Castle, Britain's Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh, fresh from a hunting expedition in Bedfordshire, celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary.

Penning a *New York Times* piece to help mark the celebration of Mozart Year, famed Pianist Rudolf Serkin, 52, gave readers an unwitting hint of when old age sets in for child prodigies: "Love and understanding for Mozart came rather late in my life as a musician. Mozart's music didn't mean much to me until I was about 13 or 14 years old."

♦ Serkin's eight-year-old son Peter suffers little from such retarded appreciation of music. Recently, after hearing his father and other musicians repeat the last movement of a Mozart concerto at a chamber-music concert as a joyous encore, Peter worriedly asked Serkin: "Gee, Pop, who goofed?"

"A New Era In Motoring Has Begun"

BY GEORGE ROMNEY,
President of American Motors Corporation

THE SIGNS WERE CLEAR after World War II. We were entering a new era in motoring. An era of traffic congestion, and suburban living. An era of greater car use for individual and family traveling. An era when new millions of families needed more than one car, because their members had to travel to different places at the same time.

This called for new, fresh thinking. There was a definite need for smart, compact, economical car.

We built the now famous Rambler, the first car specifically designed for today's traffic and living.

Has the "gas-guzzling" dinosaur passed its peak?

WE THINK SO.

Too many motorists have driven new cars home to find them too bulky for driveway and garage. Too many have been stunned to discover that excess horsepower is never used, but always thirsty.

We think this is one reason Rambler is the fastest-growing make today. Sales increased 124% in the past year. And Rambler leads the low-priced field in resale.

Let me repeat. As proof of its sterling worth, the Rambler now officially leads the entire low-priced field in resale value by a substantial margin.

Rambler's popularity indicates a swing away from bulky "gas-guzzling" dinosaurs to the smarter, more economical, more modern, compact all-purpose car.



COMING DEC. 15th, AN ALL-NEW CAR FOR ALL AMERICA

MORE ADVANCED than any car on the road, the new 1956 Rambler retains all its proved superiorities.

It is still compact to fit every garage. It still turns sharper, handles and parks more easily. It still gives up to 30 miles a gallon. You can still drive two Ramblers for the cost of one of many makes.

It is more fun than ever to drive.

All these qualities are combined in a completely new car. This 1956 Rambler is the 1957 model completed a year ahead of schedule—tomorrow's car today.

\$40,000,000 safety feature

EMINENT SAFETY authorities agree that the ability of the car itself to absorb impact is the major factor in reducing injuries. Only American Motors Doublesafe Single Unit Car Construction, developed at a cost of \$40,000,000, gives you this "built-in"

safety. This is in addition to all safety features offered by others.

We are calling this the All-American Rambler because it has appeal to young and old, to city dwellers, suburban families and farmers, in fact, to everyone who loves a beautiful car that is *more fun to drive*.

Taking full advantage of newest methods of building spacious streamlined trains and airplanes, we have been able to bring you a stronger, safer car with much more room inside, without adding hard-to-park weight and bulk. The Rambler has the space where it can be used, not just looked at.

New power—New styling

The 1956 RAMBLER will have a completely new, more powerful overhead valve engine, new springing, new comfort, new style—and the world's first "hardtop convertible" Station Wagon.

Complete new luxury

THE NEW RAMBLER *wipes out the last vestige of "price class".* It is as fine and luxurious as the costliest cars—even offers built-in All-Season Air Conditioning. Only needless, tiring bulk and wasteful gasoline consumption are missing.

Put Rambler beside any 1956 car you name. Drive both. We believe you'll choose Rambler as the ideal all-purpose family car, as well as the perfect second car.

Make plans to see it and *drive it* at Hudson dealers and Nash dealers. We are proud to present it as new evidence that American Motors means more for Americans.

Watch for the All-New, All-American

Rambler

TOMORROW'S CAR TODAY

MUSIC

A Master

At first, Americans might have tended to discount the report as just another fantastic boast about Russia. Then the stories began to sound more reliable, and musicians looked East with wild surmise. Eventually, as recordings crossed the Atlantic, a question was being asked seriously: Is Russia's David Oistrakh the world's finest fiddler?

His competition is almost entirely made up of his countrymen, for most of today's great violinists are Russian (and by an odd cultural phenomenon, Russian Jews). Their names: Jascha Heifetz, Mischa Elman, Nathan Milstein, Isaac Stern and

cable. Every bow movement, from delicate nudges at the tip to slashing downbow accents, produced a flawless tone, fine-drawn and luminous, made mellow but not ripe by judicious use of vibrato. In a concert full of lovely little touches—his method of approaching such an essentially meaningless figure as a trill was a joy to the sense of propriety—Oistrakh even managed to breathe warmth and dignity into the withered carcasses of Tartin's "Devil's Trill" *Sonata* and Ysaye's distraught *Sonata-Ballade No. 3*.

The finest music on the program was Prokofiev's *Sonata No. 1*, which is dedicated to Oistrakh. It opened with dark, slightly nasal low tones, sang its way up



RUSSIA'S VIOLINIST OISTRAKH
A Strad without a strakh.

Ilse Mayer

(of Russian parents) Yehudi Menuhin. This week, for the first time, U.S. audiences had a chance to compare Oistrakh in person with the other violin masters. For, during Geneva's temporary thaw in the cold war, Moscow had decided to allow its most famous musical performer to come to the U.S.

Speck of Humanity. The overflow crowd in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall burst into applause when Violinist Oistrakh stepped from the wings. Then he and his longtime accompanist, Vladimir Yampolsky, began Beethoven's *Sonata, Op. 12, No. 1*. The whole first movement went by, muddled by Carnegie's overrated acoustics—or because of a debutant's jitters—before Oistrakh began to project the full voltage of his enormous musicianship.

He looked something like a pudgy businessman, his feet planted wide apart, his shoulders raised into a pugnacious attitude, his jowls quivering earnestly with every accent. But his style was impec-

to the bright blossom of a double-stop and continued to sing to the last gay note. Highlights: a section of muted runs up and down the fingerboard that felt like being brushed with feathers, and a section that had the mysterious beauty of a girl singing to herself by a forest pool. When it was over, the crowd was too moved to cheer until the violinist came back for his curtain call.

No doubt about it: no violinist anywhere is David Oistrakh's master.

As soon as he left the stage, Virtuoso Oistrakh lost some of the firmness of figure and face, the no-nonsense attitude, the air of concentration. Instead, he became a modest speck of humanity—a medium-size man (5'6") who is losing his front hair and does not always find time to keep it trimmed in back; who has eagerly read rave reviews about himself for years, but blushes when he hears anybody speak flatteringly of his achievements; who has traveled across Europe

for 20 years, but speaks only Russian and Yiddish-flavored German. David Oistrakh seems like just what he is: an energetic, 47-year-old Russian Jew who has found music a life that—in Soviet Russia and out—is worth living.

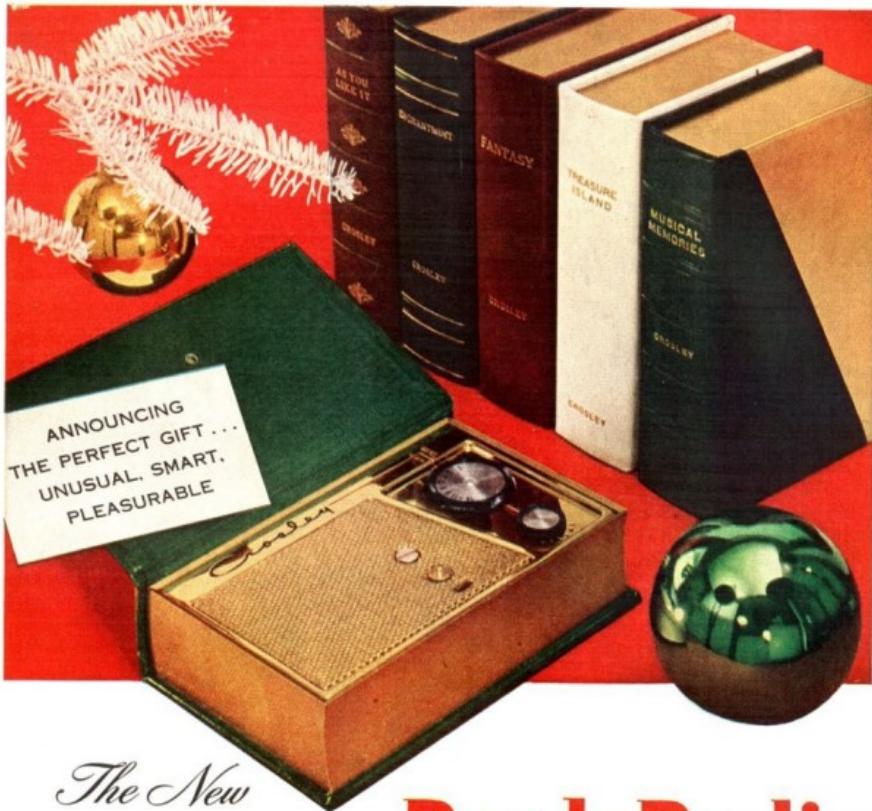
A Great School. Oistrakh was born the son of a poor bookkeeper in Odessa. He half humorously traces his name to the Yiddish exclamation *oi* and the Russian word *strakh*, which means fear. (His more serious derivation: the German *Oesterreich*—Austria—where his ancestors presumably lived.) His father was often without work, and his mother had to piece out the family income by singing in the Odessa opera chorus, but he remembers no *strakh*. Says he: "Hunger isn't so serious for a young person."

Few careers were open to Jews in Czarist Russia, but music was one of the few. The elder Oistrakh himself was an enthusiastic amateur fiddler, and he filled his son with ambition for a virtuoso's career. First he got a $\frac{1}{2}$ -size instrument for the five-year-old, then $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$, until finally David graduated to a full-size fiddle. The revolution brought no change in the fortunes of the nine-year-old boy. As soon as he had his diploma from Odessa Conservatory, Oistrakh started touring Russia from Leningrad to Siberia—and supporting his whole family with his earnings. "I played in big cities and little cities," he recalls, "with good conductors and bad, but it was all a great school for me."

In 1935 he met one of his few setbacks. In Warsaw's fabled Wieniawski violin *concours*, he lost first place to a 15-year-old girl named Ginette Neveu (whose astonishing genius was snuffed out when she died in an airplane crash in 1949). "I was happy," says Oistrakh generously. "It was the first time I was abroad, and there were such great violinists there."

The Stalin Prize. Oistrakh's successful career inevitably brings up the question: What is the condition of art in a police state? Oistrakh blandly claims that musicians in Russia are free, without mentioning the groveling self-accusations forced from composers such as Dmitry Shostakovich for deviations from the esthetic party line. Proudly he says: "The government gets engagements for the young conservatory graduate—if he's talented, concerts; if less talented, in orchestras." He also asserts that Russia is not cut off from the changing styles of Western music. He is familiar with such unregenerate modernists as Alban Berg, but does not perform them: "What is very difficult for me, I don't play."

On the concert stage Oistrakh appears with the small gold emblem of the Stalin Prize in the lapel of his well-tailored tails, and in 1957 he wrote an anti-American article in the Soviet review *New Times* about the "climate of bellicose hysteria that the American propaganda seeks to impose." (Today he half apologizes for the article by pointing to all the nasty things the Western press has said about Russia.) Oistrakh seems to enjoy a large degree of independence from the usual restrictions on junketing Russians. Get-



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ting interested in a conversation with a Western friend in a caf , he has been known to pick up the telephone, call the Russian embassy and say simply: "This is Oistrakh. I won't be back for lunch."

Imaginary Orchestra. In Moscow the Oistrakhs live in a six-room flat in a large apartment house where his great friend Prokofiev used to live. He has a passion for gadgets ("toys for big children"), owns a collection of recording machines and a phonograph, although he has reluctantly given them up as aids to music teaching ("The student plays, then you play back what he played, then he plays again and the hour goes to pot"). Between teaching at the Moscow Conservatory, making records, editing violin music for the government publishing company and brooding about chess games, Oistrakh sometimes finds leisure to make music with his violinist son Igor, 24, and his wife Tamara, an amateur pianist. And whenever he can, he places himself before the phonograph, waving his arms before an imaginary orchestra. His secret, unfilled ambition is to be a conductor.

But most of David Oistrakh's time is spent flying from concert to concert, his Stradivarius slung from one shoulder, his movie camera from the other. "Liszt had enough time to be a great composer and a great virtuoso," he complains, "and he got around on horseback." He gives 25 to 30 concerts a year in Russia, and 30 to 40 abroad. For every appearance in Russia he gets the top 5,000 rubles (his tax is never above 13%), and can keep most of whatever fees he charges for concerts abroad (upwards of \$1,000 apiece). Recently, when a U.S. newsmen asked him about his high style of living in the workers' state, Oistrakh said: "Great artists always live better. Doesn't Heifetz live better than you?"

Everywhere he goes, Oistrakh is followed by awe-struck reviews, but none of them has been able to isolate the essence of his genius. Accompanist Vladimir Yampolsky thinks it is "an extra quality that none of the others has," and specifies Oistrakh's uncanny ability to throw himself into the proper mood the instant he begins to play.

Oistrakh himself is beyond analyzing his own appeal. Unlike many great musicians, he does not give the dramatic impression of being possessed by his art or driven by passion: he has the unostentatious, businesslike dedication of a man who simply was not born to do anything else. Once when asked what he did when he wanted to forget music, David Oistrakh replied, a little shocked: "But I don't want to forget music."

They Laughed When . . .

Next to the phonograph, the piano is the U.S.'s fastest selling musical instrument, and it is doing better than at any time since the big boom days of the '20s. The American Music Conference, which keeps track, said last week that sales so far this year are 20.32% above 1954; at that rate, some 180,000 pianos will be shipped by year's end. About 19 mil-

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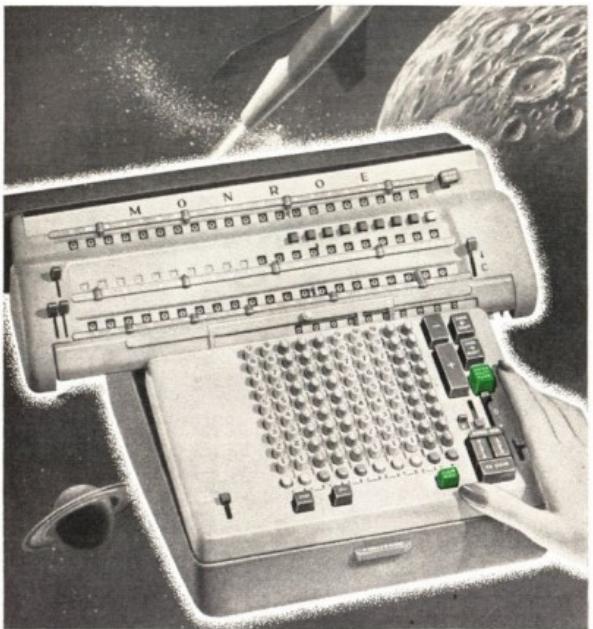
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lion Americans now play piano. Next most popular instruments: guitar (played by 4,000,000), stringed instruments (3,000,000), woodwinds and brasses (2,000,000 each), ukulele (1,600,000).

Hoffmann & Papa

Jacques Offenbach, they said in Paris, certainly can cancan. But could he write serious music? He died trying to finish his one attempt, an opera with a libretto based on stories by Germany's weird, Poe-etic story spinner, E.T.A. Hoffmann (1776-1822). *The Tales of Hoffmann*, first produced in 1881, four months after Offenbach's death, was a smash. The French, who wisely distrust overly sweet wines, have always had a weakness for sweet opera, and much of *Hoffmann* fits into the *sûré* fashion of Gounod's *Faust*, Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Dalila*, etc. When it tries to get serious, it often just turns watery. But the score, if well played, always bubbles with its own kind of wit and Gallic lyricism.

Last week, at the opening of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera, the *Hoffmann* score was eminently well played under Conductor Pierre Monteux, who at 80 is the most irrepressible prodigy in the music world.

Stage Magic. The Met's General Manager Rudolf Bing spent most of his money and effort on sets and costumes (by Rolf Gérard), and for once the décor onstage was brighter than the intermission melee in Sherry's bar. Highlights:

¶ Living murals in the opening tavern scene, with a pair of bacchantes astride barrels, pouring wine and beer into golden goblets and steins waved by bare, disembodied arms.

¶ An alchemist's laboratory full of bubbling test tubes and retorts to intrigue the audience, and the apparition of a beauteous brunette to tease the hero.

¶ The Grand Canal of Venice, with realistic (if a bit jerky) gondolas passing by, and waiters bearing trays of steaming, rainbow-colored drinks.

The Met's *Hoffmann* had some serviceable singing by the large cast, with Tenor Richard Tucker in particularly mellow voice and French Baritone Martial Singher singing with enormous power and control. Roberta Peters was the pert doll. The standout was Soprano Lucine Amara, who brought to the stage the kind of dazzling vocal splendor that made the Met famous. The sound of her voice was eggshell-fragile, sunset-colored, and so surprisingly powerful that the audience burst into cheers at the end of her big aria.

But the real star was Pierre Monteux, who stood like a tree, moving only the tip of his baton, and made *Hoffmann* sound better than many listeners thought possible. How he did it: he went light on such over-familiar numbers as the *Barcarolle*, took them perhaps a souçon faster than usual, and when the drama got heavy, he made it even more dramatic by whipping the percussion section into thunder.

Champagne Diet. Monteux gets his results partly by impeccable musicianship, partly by his remarkable vitality, partly

by personal appeal. Says Tenor Tucker: "I love him. I want to hug him the minute I see him."

In 1952 Monteux left the San Francisco Symphony after 17 years, but it was no retirement. He has appeared as guest conductor in a dozen countries, and regrets that "they don't have symphony orchestras all over the world so I could see Burma and Samarkand." After last week's Met opening, for which he had rehearsed orchestra and cast 60 hours, Monteux attended a champagne party until 2 a.m., was up again at 8 for a five-hour rehearsal at Carnegie Hall. During the next five days, he conducted two rehearsals and four concerts, and this week he is doing it all again. "Papa" Monteux is pleased that doctors put his physiological age at a mere 65, takes pride in his still black hair (his luxuriant mustache is white). Says his third wife, 61-year-old, Maine-born



Robert Lockett—Cal-Pictures
CONDUCTOR MONTEUX
Life is Offenbachiana.

Doris Hodgkins Monteux: "When he wakes up in the morning, he's all rosy—like a big baby with a mustache. There is something very young about him."

His wife is dieting, which has led Monteux to remark, "She ees on a tea diet—I am on champagne." Monteux's champagne tastes were formed early. At 14, he was playing second violin at Paris' Folies-Bergères. He loves Offenbach's music, which was still the rage of Paris in those fiddling days, and he likes to think of life as a kind of Offenbachiana. In 1949 in Amsterdam, when he was to conduct at the Concertgebouw, a group of friends were waiting for Monteux and his wife in the hotel lobby, intending to take them to the concert hall. M. and Mme. Monteux were late. When they finally appeared at the top of the staircase, Doris Monteux turned to the assembly and said with a sweet smile: "You must forgive us for being late, my dears, but we were being naughty."



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RADIO & TELEVISION

Top Ten

Last week, for the first time in TV history, NBC failed to get a single show in the Trendex top ten.

- 1) *The \$64,000 Question* (CBS)
- 2) *The Ed Sullivan Show* (CBS)
- 3) *I Love Lucy* (CBS)
- 4) *General Electric Theater* (CBS)
- 5) *Show of Stars* (CBS)
- 6) *Disneyland* (ABC)
- 7) *The Honeymooners* (CBS)
- 8) *Talent Scouts* (CBS)
- 9) *Jack Benny* (CBS)
- 10) *Red Skelton* (CBS)

The Nielsen rating, covering an earlier period, tends to confirm the Trendex findings. It lists only two NBC shows—at fifth and sixth—in the top ten. Almost as painful to NBC was the news that 1) the *Colgate Variety Hour*, unable to dent CBS's popular *Ed Sullivan Show*, had asked to be released from its NBC contract, and 2) NBC's Milton Berle (Tues. 8 p.m.) had his stranglehold on that hour broken for the first time when his rating dipped below that of his CBS opposition, Phil Silvers.

British Quiz Champ

In Britain, people who compete on quiz shows have to be a lot smarter than U.S. quiz contestants to win a lot less money. Right now Britain's quiz champ is red-bearded, magenta-waistcoated Plantagenet Somerset Fry, 24, an Oxford law student whose ability to answer questions about history is no less unlikely than his name.

At ten, Plantagenet could recite the names and dates of all of England's kings, and when commercial TV came to England with the quiz show *Double Your Money*, he put his knowledge to use. He identified the British commander at the Battle of Malplaquet (John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough) and what Secretary for War fought a duel with what Foreign Secretary in 1809 (Castlereagh v. Canning). Then he answered correctly the £512 (\$1,433.60) question: "In the 17th and 18th centuries, France was ruled by three Louis. Give the dates of their reigns and the relationship between them."* But when the moment came to face the £1,024 (\$2,867.20) question, the strain proved too much. "I think I shall call it a day," he said. "It's been a severe worry."

Having won the biggest radio or TV quiz prize in Britain to date, Plantagenet announced that he would spend most of his winnings on the publication of his thesis, *The Vindication of Richard III*.

Woman's Home Companion

"Radio doesn't grab you like TV," says NBC's President Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver. "It's more like a companion." It's as a companion that Weaver wants to use it—to get back an audience which



PLANTAGENET SOMERSET FRY
A very historical guy.

NBC radio no longer has. For years American women, busy at their daytime chores, have cold-shouldered network radio while flirting with independent radio stations. Weaver's scheme for wooing the ladies back: "Friendly penetration."

Weekday is the name of Weaver's new woman's home companion. A variation of *Monitor*, NBC's weekend guide to fun and frolic, *Weekday* bounces around all day long (10:15-6 p.m.), five days a week (Mon.-Fri.). Its appeal to housewives, mothers, matrons and maids is contained in the show's opening lines: "Don't stop! Don't look! Listen!"



MARGARET TRUMAN
Bright and human.

Holding the lengthy show together are Margaret Truman and Mike Wallace, acting as one team, and Martha Scott and Walter Kerr as another. Crisply and in friendly fashion, they present a bit of everything—news, music, chatter, celebrities, cooking hints, cliff-hanger serials, fashion notes, lectures on human relations. To keep the women listening, NBC has well chosen its No. 1 team. Mike Wallace is a smooth professional with an uninhibited delivery; Margaret Truman is perky and unaffected. Together they conduct smooth and alert ad-lib interviews.

Margaret, 31, who lives in a bachelor apartment in Manhattan, though she still visits Independence, Mo., about four times a year and votes there, is excited about her new job, believes that the regular hours will be good discipline for her. "I need eight to ten hours' sleep," she says, "and haven't been getting it. I'm at the studio by 9 a.m., on the air all five days from 10:15 to noon, then again from 2 to 3:30. Frankly, I thought it was going to be a grind. But I'm having fun. I love being a performer. Once I start talking, everybody says they can't shut me up."

Margaret sounded fine last week as she chatted with Playwright Thornton Wilder ("I adore Thornton Wilder") and Pianist Liberace ("extremely gracious"). The week before, when the show got off to a fast start, she had sounded just as good chatting by phone with Jimmy Durante. Margaret: "Thanks for calling, Jimmy. You're the most." Jimmy: "It's the least."

Weekday is short of being the most, but it is brisk, friendly and a lot freer and livelier than the old-style radio show with its predestined hourly, half-hourly and quarter-hourly breaks. It remains to be seen whether it will capture and hold the vast daytime, weekday audience of American women.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Nov. 23. Times are E.S.T., subject to change:

TELEVISION

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade (Thurs. 11 a.m., NBC). Annual parade down Broadway, with Danny Kaye, Buster Crabbe, Pinky Lee, Rin-Tin-Tin.

Assignment India (Thurs. 5 p.m., NBC). A filmed report on India.

Football (Sat. 1:15 p.m., NBC). Army v. Navy.

Max Liebman Presents (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Rodgers and Hart's *Dearest Enemy*, with Cyril Ritchard, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Anne Jeffreys, Robert Sterling.

RADIO

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 3*. Soloist: Pianist Emil Gilels.

New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music of Mozart, d'Indy and Berlioz. Soloist: Pianist Robert Casadesus.

Biographies in Sound (Tues. 9:05 p.m., NBC). Jerome Kern.

* Answer: Louis XIV, 1643-1715; Louis XV, his great-grandson, 1715-74; Louis XVI, grandson of Louis XIV, 1774-92.

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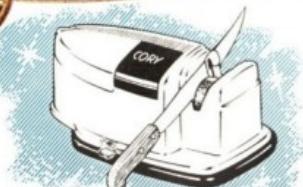
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SPORT

"S" for Ohio

If Ohio State's hurrying Halfback Howard ("Hopalong") Cassady is not awarded a big block "S" for his vast contributions to Michigan State football, Michigan State's athletic authorities will be guilty of a sin of omission. While the Spartans were taking it easy last week, murdering Marquette 33-0, Hopalong ran wild, led a hopped-up Ohio State squad to an upset 17-0 victory over Michigan's Wolverines. The Buckeyes earned themselves their second Big Ten title in a row, but more important, by beating Michigan they bought Michigan State a ticket to the Rose Bowl.

It took Cassady and his team a little more than a quarter to start scoring; then they piled up points with amazing versatility. A field goal, a safety and two touchdowns put them so far in front that Michigan was never really in the ball game. Elusive and powerful, Cassady was a constant irritant to the outplayed Wolverines. Result: the Big Ten finished its season with some fine collegiate fisticuffs, for the Wolverines seemed to figure that, as long as they were beaten, they might as well beat up the enemy. In the final few minutes, the football almost disappeared under a pile of penalty markers.

It was an exceptionally profitable afternoon for Michigan State, but on the West Coast, U.C.L.A. served notice that a Rose Bowl victory might cost the Spartans a great deal more than their tickets to Pasadena. Even without the services of Pinup Boy Ronnie Knox, U.C.L.A. was far too tough for its cross-town rival, U.S.C. Behind the bruising drive of Tailback Sam Brown and Fullback Bob Davenport, the Bruins overpowered the Trojans 17-7, won their third straight Pacific Coast Conference championship and the unenviable privilege of trying to bottle up Michigan State's multiple offense come New Year's Day.

Elsewhere, other games added their share of autumn excitement:

¶ Notre Dame fought back in the final eight minutes to outscore stubborn Iowa 17-14.

¶ In the snow-filled Yale Bowl, the erratic Elis stopped Harvard 21-7, to split the Big Three title three ways. But Princeton salvaged the Ivy League championship by sneaking past Dartmouth, 6-3.

¶ Hampered by injuries, West Virginia's Mountaineers played host to Syracuse for the first time and lost their second straight game, 20-13.

¶ Still riding high after its victory over Michigan, Illinois was tripped up by the Northwestern Wildcats, who have yet to win a game this season, and eked out a disappointing 7-7 tie.

¶ Unbeaten Maryland kept its record clean by holding off a stubborn George Washington team, 19-0. Meanwhile, Oklahoma, which will meet Maryland in the Orange Bowl, kept its own record clean by whipping Nebraska 41-0.

Little Winner

Horsemen! Racing Fans! Keep Abreast of Racing News While Driving to Florida. The Morning Telegraph May Be Purchased While En Route.

Wind-chilled East Coast horseplayers hardly needed the *Morning Telegraph's* solicitous ad to remind them it was time to head south. But what good was the knowledge that the horseplayers' paper would be available at Jake's News Stand, 116 Julia Street, Jacksonville, if all a man had was a pocketful of losing tickets? Raising a stake was getting to be a tough proposition. Too many short-priced horses were galloping home; too many potential long shots were going to the post at low odds just because a jockey named Hartack was perched in the saddle.

At 22, after only three years of racing, Willie is just about the hottest jockey in the saddle. This year he seems to have a hard time losing. Last week, at Maryland's Pimlico track, just before the ponies were shipped south, Willie had already ridden 385 winners. He is an odds-on favorite to wind up the year as the country's leading jockey. More impressive still, he has drawn a bean on the 400 victory mark, a record broken only by Willie Shoemaker (with 485 in 1953), the only jock to outscore Hartack for the last two years.

Third Try. Willie Hartack's success story, once it got started, moved almost as fast as the horses he rides. Born in Ebensburg, Pa. in 1932, Willie graduated from high school too scrawny to work in the coal mines with his father, so skinny that he was even passed over

by his draft board. He became a potential Dead End kid, living as high as he could by gambling and shooting craps.

When a friend suggested that the youngster look for work at the race track in Charles Town, W. Va., willing Willie went down and picked up a job cleaning stalls for a small-time owner named Norman Corbin. Before long he was working as an exercise boy, and two years later, in October 1952, Corbin gave him his first mount. On his third try, riding a horse named Nickleby, Willie won his first race. Overnight, Willie became one of the hottest riders on the half-mile "bull rings" around West Virginia and Maryland.

Sneaking Through. The bull rings gave Willie a concentrated course in his new craft. "On small tracks," says Willie, "you learn a lot about manipulating. If you can't sneak through on the rail you're not going to win. You learn to save ground, to steal it; if an opening pops up on the rail, you learn to drop in there quick. A lot of tired old horses run on the bull rings, but you learn you can win on 'em if you can get 'em to duck in or out at the right moment. Another thing: the stewards are not so strict. You can ride the way you want to, pretty much."

Riding the way he wanted to, pretty much, little (5 ft. 4 in., 110 lbs) Willie moved up to the big time permanently in the spring of 1954. His rough and ready tactics have already earned him seven suspensions. But Willie is fast learning a proper respect for the film patrol. He claims he can remember the racing characteristics of every horse he has ever ridden (some 1,500 mounts this year alone) and that he knows the tricks of every horse that ever finished a race in front of him. Armed with this knowledge, he is a sharp operator in the saddle. He bounces

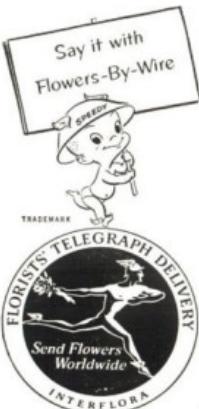


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along over his mounts' withers looking as awkward as an apprentice "bus boy," but he wins.

He wins so often that he admits to banking over \$25,000 a year—enough to buy a Charles Town ranch for his father and to indulge his own taste for fast boats, fast cars (he owns a Jaguar and a Cadillac) and sharp clothes. Says he: "If horses were machines, you could learn all about them quick, but they're not. It takes a long time to get to know them. For maybe eight years more I'll still be learning."

Hot Pastrano

Teen-agers on the streets of New Orleans' Vieux Carré can still remember when their pal Willie Pastrano was a fat little five-foot butterball, the butt of all their jokes. Lately they have stopped laughing. Stretched out to his full growth (5 ft. 11 in., 181½ lbs.), Willie, at 19,



INTERNATIONAL
PASTRANO (RIGHT) V. ROWAN
MAMMA'S BUTTERBALL GOT ROUGH.

has toughened into one of the most promising heavyweight fist fighters since laughing Billy Conn came within a couple of rounds of whipping Joe Louis in 1941.

But prizefight promoters still look on Willie as not quite big enough to take care of himself; he has to get his mother's consent before every fight. Last week, before he was permitted to tangle with Philadelphia Toughie Joe Rowan in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, New York boxing commissioners studied his record carefully, reminded themselves that he had beaten such rough customers as Joey Maxim, Paddy Young and Chuck Spieser, and decided to overlook their rule against boys under 20 going ten rounds.

There was no need to worry about Willie. He demonstrated the flashy footwork and sharp punching of an old pro. He moved too fast ever to get set for a solid blow, but his left jab kept Rowan off balance all through the fight. At the end, he barreled in to demonstrate that he can hold his own in a close-in roughhouse and absorb some solid swipes without slowing up. His night's work earned him a unanimous decision, and gave the matchmakers something new to think about in their search for a heavyweight-title contender.



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46

The One-Track Mind

U.S. educators have long been warning that the U.S.S.R. is turning out scientists and engineers at an alarming rate. But what is the Soviet educational system like as a whole? Last week, in a special report published by the National Science Foundation, Nicholas DeWitt of Harvard's Russian Research Center gave as definitive an answer as anyone has given thus far. From Soviet statistics and publications, and from tales of refugees and foreign observers. Expert DeWitt has pieced together a bleak picture of a one-sided education that is wholly in the service of the state.

The Big Difference. Though the Russians boast loudly of providing education for all, their school system is not as

zations which in turn are broken up into 510 subspecializations. There are no optional courses and no electives; nor does a student spend much time in any form of general education. A science major, for instance, spends 27% of his time in general science and 67% in his special field. The remaining 6% goes into a form of political science that is largely party-line indoctrination.

Astounding Mediocrity. Within five days after the student graduates (about six in ten get through), the government assigns him a job which he usually keeps for at least three years. Once this ordeal is over, a few students are allowed to take advanced work leading to a candidate degree or eventually to a doctorate. As in his undergraduate days, each student must defend his thesis in public, and many of



Henri Cartier-Bresson—Magnum

democratic as it sounds. The regular ten-year elementary and secondary program is merciless; in 1954, less than 126 out of every 1,000 pupils who had started it managed to survive for graduation. But the big difference between U.S. and Soviet education is a matter of emphasis. Foreign languages and geography get far more attention in the U.S.S.R., and 41% of the entire upper-grade curriculum is devoted to mathematics and science. This, says Expert DeWitt, is a "distinctive feature of Soviet secondary education."

Once a pupil has graduated at 17, he is ready to try for one of Russia's 33 universities, 800 technical institutes, or the various extension and correspondence courses offered. If he passes the necessary examinations, he immediately embarks on a course of study that soon narrows down to a tiny specialty. The five broad branches of study in Soviet professional education consist of 294 fields which are broken down into 205 specialties. These are further fragmented into 450 speciali-

ties, says Expert DeWitt, are of high caliber. But the quality varies, largely because of pressure from the government for practical and applied research. "A dissertation for the doctor of science degree on the design of depth pumps for oil wells is of questionable scientific value, and the mediocrity of a candidate degree dissertation on mobile machine-repair shops in agriculture is astounding."

Quality aside, the big trouble with Soviet education is that in overemphasizing specialization, it is turning out a generation almost wholly ignorant of the sort of liberal arts education known in the West. In the past 25 years, only 8% of the specialists graduated have majored in the social sciences. Of every four candidate degrees, three have been in science. Thus, though the 1954 graduating class was 40% smaller than that in the U.S., the Soviet is turning out twice as many engineers, 80% more agricultural specialists, three times as many physicians. In the long run, this may be bad education.



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Oregon's Five-Year Plan for better highways will pay its own way in time and money saved. How is your state meeting the growing highway problem?



BILL WOOD is a lumber salesman in Salem, the state capital. Once a week he drives through green and rolling Oregon countryside to Portland. Traffic is painfully slow on U. S. 99. The 52-mile drive is costing Bill Wood heavily in gas, wear-and-tear, and his time.

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Wherever you see big yellow machines working on your roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.

more calls on customers, and his expenses will be reduced. Oregon state highway officials estimate that each motorist will save \$2.96 on a round trip between Portland and Salem. In Bill Wood's case, that will be a saving of more than \$150 a year on *this one stretch of highway alone!*

By 1957, 145 miles of U. S. 99 will be entirely new. By then, too, 80 beautiful miles of U. S. 30, the Columbia River Highway, will be completed between The Dalles and Portland. These are two important projects in Oregon's Five-Year Plan, begun in 1952, to build 530 miles of new highway and rebuild or modernize 330 additional miles of existing road.

Oregon is accomplishing much, and doing it at a cost to the average car owner of about half a cent a mile—

one of the lowest-cost items in operating a car! But much remains to be done: about 5600 miles of modernization and new construction, according to the latest official estimate.

Like Oregon, your state is working hard to improve its roads. Give it the support of your voice and your vote. After all, it's your money, your time, your life that your state's highway program saves.

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but it is giving Russia just the immediate advantage it seems to want. Its supply of trained manpower in science and engineering is now either equal to that of the U.S., or in some fields slightly better. "The Soviet effort," says Expert DeWitt, "continues. Our own policies in the field of education and in regard to specialized manpower resources will decide whether within the next decade or so the scales will be tipped off balance."

Absentee Landlord

In his five years as president of the University of North Carolina, shy, hard-working Gordon Gray, 46, won both the respect and the admiration of his three campuses. He carried on a \$47 million building program, launched new four-year schools of medicine, dentistry and nursing, earnestly tried to make his university "the brain, the nerve center, the heart and the conscience and the will of the state." But he was a man too much in demand: he was called so often to Washington—as special assistant to President Truman on foreign aid, director of the Psychological Strategy Board, chairman of the board that judged the Oppenheimer case, and now as Assistant Secretary of Defense—that for much of the time he was an absentee landlord. Too few of his colleagues got to know him well, and Gray himself realized the awkwardness of his position. Last week his trustees reluctantly accepted his decision to leave for full-time duty with the Government.

The Challenger

For such a well-mannered magazine as the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the experience was a shock—but the shock was not limited to the magazine. In 1936 a scrappy, pug-nosed man from Utah took over as editor. His name, Bernard DeVoto, soon became a synonym for the atrabilious type of crusader who seems perpetually to be throwing a tantrum. Sinclair Lewis, one of his early targets, called him "a tedious and egotistical fool . . . a pompous and boresome liar." "What," asked Critic Edmund Wilson, "is Mr. DeVoto's real grievance . . . this continual boil up about other people's wild statements which stimulates him to even wilder statements of his own?"

Over the years, Bernard DeVoto did indeed strike wildly, but more often than not he struck home. On speakers' platforms, in his books, and from "The Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*, he lectured the nation on everything from its airplane service to its conservation policies to the methods of the FBI. He deplored, denounced, defied, but he seemed to do so out of a passionate fondness for America that made even the tiniest fault seem an outrage. He called himself a "critic of culture." He was actually a challenge. "We have fought against Arques," he recently told his readers after describing his bitter feud with McCarthyism. "Where were you?"

Semi-Educated. DeVoto's battles began early. The "child of an apostate Mormon and an apostate Catholic," he entered the University of Utah at 17, founded a



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| | Richmond |
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Socialist club, quit the campus entirely when four professors were fired for airing unorthodox views. He was later "semi-educated" at Harvard, served as a small-arms instructor during World War I, taught for a while at Northwestern for \$1,700 a year. Once again he quit, this time because "they were changing over from a good, small school into a metropolitan university, and standards were falling, well, wherever they happened to fall." By the time he returned to Harvard as an instructor and settled down in Cambridge, Mass., his writings were already beginning to sell.

He wrote slashing articles for the *Saturday Review* and *Harper's*. Under the name of John August, he made his daily bread with serials and stories for the slicks. He became custodian of the Mark Twain papers, produced three books (*Mark Twain's America*, *Mark Twain in Eruption*, *Mark Twain at Work*) that rescued Twain from the prying of psychoanalytical critics. His interest in Twain was characteristic of his down-to-earth Americanism: while his fellow writers were busy exiling themselves to Europe, DeVoto remained stubbornly rooted in the U.S.

Which Paris? He never left the North American continent ("Why," he told his wife when she proposed a trip to France, "I haven't even seen Paris, Idaho"). He hated the literary exiles who called themselves lost, and said that the sickness they saw around them was only their own. He despised writers with delusions about the writer's importance ("The importance of literary people is chiefly to one another"), and he insisted that literary criticism was "an activity in which uncontrolled speculation is virtuous and responsibility is almost impossible." DeVoto was a man in search of facts. The facts he liked best: those that lay behind the building of America.

A dogged scholar, he worked all hours of the night ("What people who need more sleep than I do call insomnia was a help"), and even when sick ("I find that what I write while the annual virus is working in me is as good, or as bad, and as plentiful as what I write when I can breathe through my nose"). He spent his vacations inspecting battle sites and tracing the country's great expeditions. Eventually he came to know as much about the opening of the American West as any man alive. His *The Year of Decision: 1846* and *The Course of Empire* reopened that West for thousands of readers, and his *Across the Wide Missouri* won him the 1948 Pulitzer Prize in history. Actually DeVoto was historian to the whole nation. "I'm fed up," he once said, "with being thought of as a writer of only Western history. The general impression is that DeVoto is some kind of tributary to the Missouri River."

Too Dumb to Know. In whatever he did, Bernard DeVoto was tributary to nothing. He was father confessor to scores of Harvard students who, he thought, had a sincere desire to be writers. But when it came to sham—either academic or political—he could be merciless. Occasionally,



HISTORIAN DEVOTO
Tributary to nothing.

his reputation for sounding off on everything, whether big or small, tended to besmudge his reputation as a serious scholar.

In 1944 he defied Massachusetts law by publicly buying a copy of the banned novel *Strange Fruit*. He raged at New Dealers for thinking the people "too dumb to know what is best for them," but he hated "the Old Guard minds" among Republicans and became one of Adlai Stevenson's top campaign writers. He said that Ernest Hemingway's characters were "anthropoids," that those of Dos Passos were "diminished marionettes." He championed Pareto, James Farrell and Robert Frost, denounced Van Wyck Brooks, Thomas Wolfe and practically everyone else. Of modern Western women he said: "I should like to call them buxom, deep-breasted, strong-thewed, fit to be mates and mothers of big men. Mathematics forbids; too high a percentage of them are just fat. They must be the bulwark of the corset industry."

He could speak with feeling of the dry martini. "I suppose nothing can be done with people who put olives in martinis. Something can be done with people who put pickled onions in: strangulation seems best." He could also speak with feeling about the national mania for compiling subversive lists: "Nomination to them is the diagnostic test of decency for anyone who has a public forum."

Last week Benny DeVoto came to Manhattan to appear on TV. He got through the program, was chatting with friends afterwards when a fatal heart attack struck him at 58. He had been a man whose judgment was sometimes off balance, but whose rampages helped keep a generation on its toes. His proudest boast appeared in his last collection of *Easy Chair* articles published a few weeks ago: "No one has got me to say anything I did not want to say and no one has prevented me from saying anything I wanted to."



New Shoes!

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NIGHT VIEW of Kremlin across Moskva River shows illuminated Great Kremlin Palace; center: Vodovzvodnaya Tower.

MOSCOW FOR THE TOURIST



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY PIERRE BOULAT

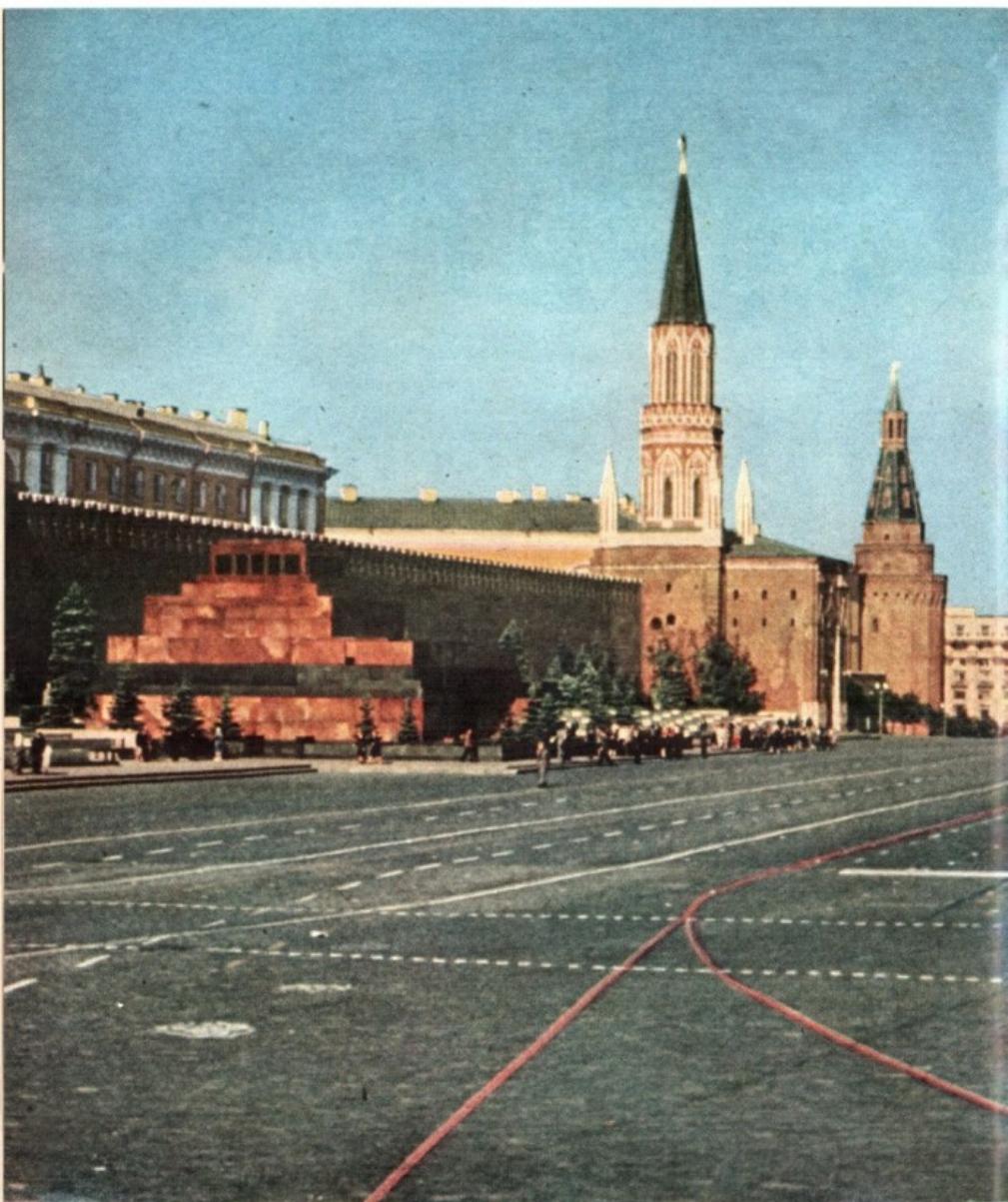
THE tourist who decides for Moscow next year will risk his life, not in the dark cells of the Lubianka prison below Dzerzhinsky Square, but in the wildly undisciplined traffic above. Moscow's streets are full of big, fast automobiles, all driven apparently by *Sturmozik* pilots intent on dive-bombing pedestrians. Or, as a recent visitor put it: "Dodging in and out of lanes, with nary a signal and with wild shouts of profanity at other cars, the Russian driver seems to be recapturing the elation felt by the Cossack of old when he swooped down from the steppes to carve up a few Persians."

If there are traffic regulations, neither cops nor drivers heed them, nor do the pedestrians, who jaywalk and ignore traffic lights with grim fatalism. There is an incessant blowing of horns, but since all the horns sound alike (apparently having been made in the same factory), the result is a constant and unidentifiable shriek, except for horns on the cars of commissars which have a slightly varied pitch, at the first murmur of which the cops switch the manually operated traffic lights to green. Says U.S. Travel Expert John Stanton, just back from surveying the popularity of Cook's touring through Russia: "In Moscow I always hesitated before starting across a street. They are so wide you are vulnerable for so long."

A Sense of Power. If the amber lights now being shown by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. do not change to red in coming months, travel to Moscow should gain, travel experts estimate, by several hundred Americans next year. Russia, too, is

ST. BASIL'S Cathedral, now used as museum, gets face cleaning before this year's October Revolution celebration.





RED SQUARE has painted lines on pavement to guide marchers in monster Communist parades. Center of city since Middle Ages, square is bounded on west by Krem-

lin's walls, before which stands the red granite tomb of Lenin and Stalin. Tall spire is Nikolskaya Tower. Massive red brick building at right is Historical Museum.



NEW APARTMENT HOUSE of skyscraper design will have 850 apartments, ten elevators. Fourteen such buildings are now going up in Moscow.



NEW SKYSCRAPER, 25 stories high and topped with gold spire and star, is headquarters for Foreign Affairs Ministry. Car in foreground is Russian ZIM.



RED SAILORS buy apple-juice soda at street stand. In background are two red-and-yellow Moscow buses.



TRAFFIC JAM of buses, cars and Pobeda taxis hits Gorky Street during 9 a.m. rush hour. Cleared lane at right is specially reserved for official cars.





CONDENSED MILK is sold from sidewalk counter. Although it is an expensive luxury, Russian worker in tieless outfit cheerfully hands over his rubles for this treat.

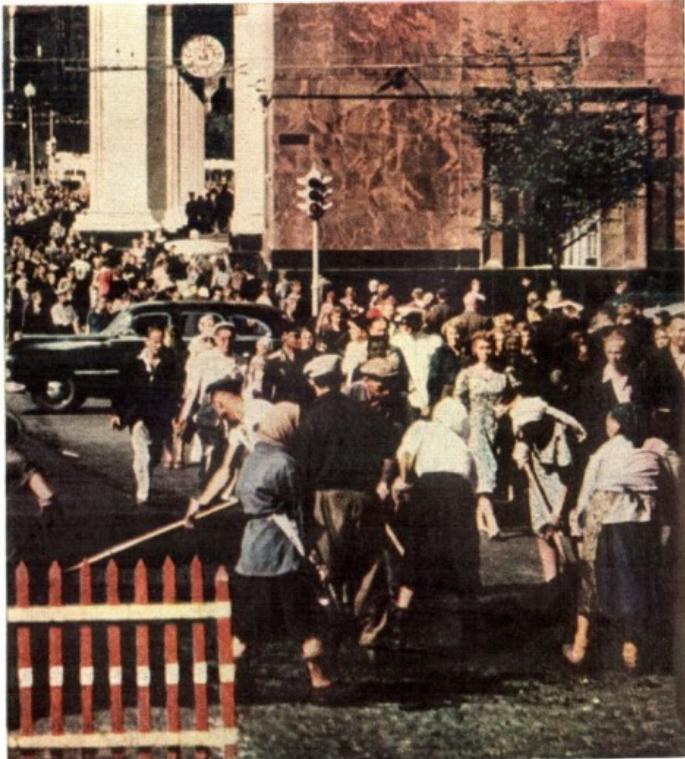


TOY STORE selling simple toys and dolls is staffed by girl clerk who tots up purchases on abacus.



WOMEN WORKERS in peasant blouses and boots repair pavement at Moscow street crossing as unnoticed pedestrians hurry by.

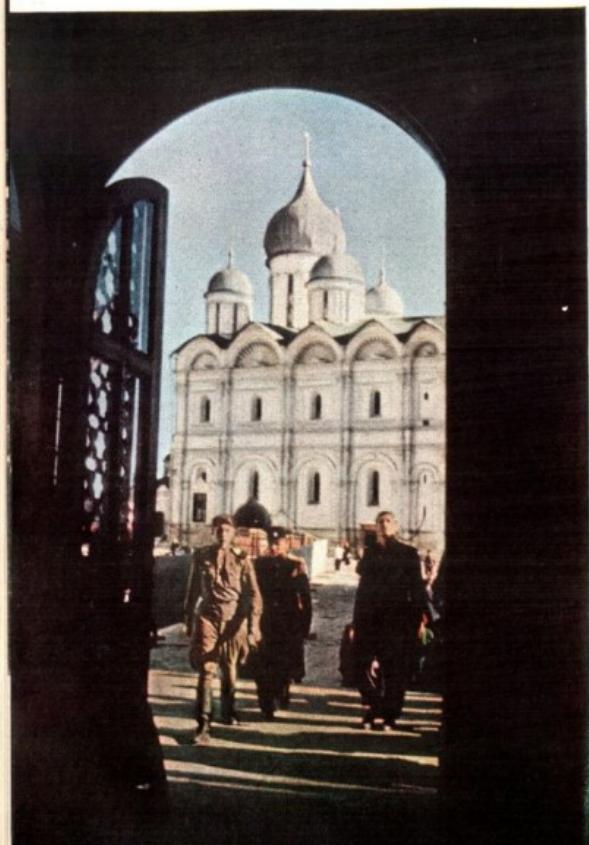
Moscow's street department uses women to sweep streets clean by day, hose them at night, shovel snow from sidewalks in winter.





ONION BULB TOWERS above Kremlin chapels, with crosses placed over crescents, signify ascendancy of Christian

over Moslem faith in Russia. At right is three-barred Russian Orthodox cross. Russians are regilding many church domes.



WORLD'S LARGEST BELL is Kremlin's 200-ton Czar Kolokol, which fell to earth during big fire of 1737, has never struck a note.

TOMBS OF CZARS are in Kremlin's Cathedral of Archangel Michael. Kremlin is now open to sightseers for first time in 37 years.



MOSCOW SKYLINE spreads from Foreign Affairs Ministry (left) to apartment-house skyscraper (right). Slum area in foreground is being cleared for Moscow University stadium.

KREMLIN WALLS, 65 ft. high, overlook Moskva River. Supreme Soviet meets in Great Kremlin Palace (left). Scaffolding covers Ivan's Bell Tower (right), now under repair.





ORNATE FOUNTAIN with gilded statues is centerpiece of Moscow's All-Union Agricultural Fair. Built in 1939, permanent pavilions house exhibits of 16 Soviet Republics.

FLOWER GARDENS decorate Agricultural Fair grounds. In background are Grand Hall of Machines (*left*), Central, Ukrainian and Caucasus Pavilions done in native styles.



sending forth travelers, but they are men with a mission, whether political, like Bulganin and Khrushchev in India (*see FOREIGN News*), or cultural, like Violinist David Oistrakh (*see MCSC*). Not for them the satisfaction of idle interests.

To the wandering American, Moscow, long hidden by the Iron Curtain, a source of conspiracy, strange dogmas and menacing dangers, is a legitimate object of U.S. curiosity. With some 3,000,000 people within its city limits and another 2,000,000 in surrounding suburbia, it is probably the third-largest city in the world.

Western visitors will find their advent well prepared for. In the past seven years, a feverish activity has seized Moscow: broad new thoroughfares have been dynamited through the old quarters, big buildings have been lifted and put down in new alignments, broad plazas and parks have been created. Eight skyscrapers, 20 to 38 stories high, have sprung up like corn, and more than a million trees have been planted.

The visitor will find fountains playing in exhibition grounds and the old churches, e.g., St. Basil's, brilliantly painted (*see cuts*). Open to him will be scores of theaters and concert halls and a dozen museums and art galleries. He will note that Moscow is one of the cleanest cities he has ever set foot in. The rush of people and automobiles at all hours will leave him in no doubt that Moscow is the headquarters of 57 huge state commissariats, the government center of 16 nations, the imperial seat of some ten subjugated countries. Wrote TIME Correspondent James Bell after a recent visit: "Moscow gives the impression of bursting at the seams. It's packed, bustling and full of life . . . Then you realize that these people represent enormous power, and it's frightening." A sense of their power is what the Russians have to sell in Moscow: they would like everybody to be a little scared.

The Red Curtain. The selling starts as the visitor steps aboard the "international" sleeping car leaving Leningrad at 11:55 p.m. and finds himself in a red plush and mahogany-paneled private compartment larger than in a U.S. Pullman. At 9:45 next morning in Moscow, he steps out into a station built of marble and granite blocks, as huge as the exhibition hall of a World's Fair.

From the moment he arrives he is the charge of Intourist, the Soviet travel organization, which has two categories of tourist: De Luxe (\$30 a day) and Superior A (\$21 a day). An English-speaking official will guide him to one of three hotels, the National, the eleven-story Moskva, or the 55-year-old Metropole, where he will turn in his passport, but will not have to sign a register. De Luxe or Superior, he will probably find himself in a lofty-ceilinged suite jammed with bric-a-brac and heavy furniture (in some suites, grand pianos) after the style of a plush Manhattan hotel circa 1900.

Hot water is likely to be scarce at certain hours (cold shaving before 8 a.m.),

but laundry will be prompt, and even his socks will be pressed. As he enters his suite at the National (or the Moskva), the guide will draw the heavy red curtains at the window, and he will see, just across the way, the tall red brick crenelated walls of the Kremlin. Says much-traveled John Stanton: "It is quite a feeling."

What to See. The Kremlin, with its armory and collections of sacred objects and czarist jewels, its old (15th and 16th century) onion-domed Orthodox churches, is staple tourist fare; so is the Historical Museum in neighboring Red Square and the art galleries with their homegrown anecdotal paintings and recently dusted-off Picasso and Gauguins. But at the Bolshoi Theater (ballet or opera), he will see something that corresponds to the Russian people's hunger for the sumptuous and the magnificent. He may even



Henri Cartier-Bresson—Magnum
Moscow's GUM DEPARTMENT STORE
Half bazaar, half Woolworth.

see people weep for joy and, observing heavily powdered women in the audience, will suddenly realize why women in the street seem so pale: outside the theater, virtually no woman in Moscow wears make-up, not even lipstick.

Smiles are rarely seen in Moscow's streets. Below the clamor of traffic there is the sound of millions of shuffling feet, never the click of a woman's shoe. Occasionally, there is a whiff of rank perfume (called *Kremlin* and sold in bottles shaped like the Spassky clock tower), but no man turns for another glimpse of a trim ankle. Lovers do not stroll hand in hand in Moscow. There is no searching of faces, and a person looked at will turn away. Gorky Street may be as crowded as Fifth Avenue at lunchtime, but there is little or no window shopping, and there are always drunks feeling their way along the walls. The best people do not walk and the visitor may be surprised by the number of chauffeur-driven limousines bearing small scrubbed boys,

The mass of people on the streets are mostly peasants in padded jackets, minor bureaucrats in bell-bottomed trousers and women workers in potato-sack dresses. One in ten carries a small bundled-up infant. To see Russians smile, the visitor must observe them playing with their children in the parks of culture and rest. In the back streets, scores of old men and women shuffle along hopelessly, but although they may look like beggars, it is unlikely that they will ask a recognizable foreigner for alms.

There are queues everywhere, most of all in the GUM, the big department store on Red Square, half Oriental bazaar and half Woolworth, where store police direct orderly lanes of purchasers first at the counters, then at the cashiers, finally at the delivery windows. The tourist is not likely to find anything he will want to buy at GUM. In the Metro underground, with its palatial stations of marble and glittering chrome, where escalators move at twice the speed of those in the New York subways, Muscovites seem just as glum and incurious as those in the streets. Many will carry newspapers, but they will not be reading them.

The Spectacle. Behind almost every window in Moscow lives a family, and at night in every window a light burns. It is a brilliant spectacle. Over the Kremlin hang huge, glowing ruby stars, around *Izvestia*'s office the news headlines run in lights like those on the New York Times building in Times Square. There are plenty of taxicabs (all checker banded) to take the visitor to a restaurant—the Arava, the Praga, the Peking, the New Year—where he will probably hear American jazz badly played and pay possibly \$20 for an indifferent meal, though the caviar, the tea and the ice cream will be excellent. But Moscow night life, except for a furtive prostitute outside the Moskva Hotel and, in almost any bar, the sight of a solitary Russian throwing back innumerable vodkas will remain closed to the Western visitor.

About this time the visitor will begin to realize that the supercolossal production which is Moscow today is not being staged for him but for another kind of tourist. He will be aware that he is outnumbered, perhaps a hundred to one, by visitors from Asia.

Coming in delegations, in organized droves, from China, Mongolia, North Korea and North Viet Nam, India, Burma and Afghanistan, these visitors, many of whom have never seen a large city before, are awesomely impressed by Moscow, by the gild and the grandiosity, and see no incongruity in the joylessness of Muscovites. At the red granite tomb of Lenin and Stalin in Red Square, day after day they queue behind their guides waiting for the moment to file silently past the embalmed Communist leaders, their waxen faces still faintly saturnine. Here, as at the Bolshoi, the Western visitor, brought quickly to the head of the line, may see a man or a woman weeping. He will understand then the real power of Moscow, the new Mecca of the East.

MEDICINE

The Salk Verdict

The scientific courts judging the Salk polio vaccine have had an exasperating way of reversing themselves. Now it's safe, now it isn't. Now it works, now it doesn't quite. In Kansas City last week, 6,000 members of the American Public Health Association listened to further testimony on how effective the Salk vaccine proved itself in last summer's maimed mass inoculations.

The verdict was that the vaccine was generally safe and effective. Normally cautious Epidemiologist Alexander Langmuir of the U.S. Public Health Service reported, on the basis of returns from eleven states plus New York City, that the vaccine had been 75% effective, or better, in preventing paralytic polio among children in the five-to-nine age group, even though many had received only one or two inoculations instead of the desired three.

New York State (outside the city), with a massive 450,000 children inoculated, had telling figures: the paralytic-polio rate among the unvaccinated was 21 per 100,000, but only four per 100,000 among the vaccinated. In nonparalytic polio, the protection ratio was only about 3 to 2, but final returns were expected to show that the disease had been milder, on the average, in vaccinated children. Chicago was unofficially reported to have had only two cases of paralytic polio per 100,000 among the vaccinated, as compared with 32 among the unvaccinated.

Eastern Mystery. Dr. Langmuir was forthright in listing cases where something went wrong. Among those who got vaccine made by California's Cutter Laboratories, 79 developed polio; so did 105 members of their families and 20 "community contacts." Three-fourths of the cases were paralytic; there were eleven deaths. Vaccine from a second manufacturer, Pennsylvania's Wyeth Laboratories, was suspected of responsibility for an unstated number of polio cases in the East, but the most rigorous testing by the federal Division of Biologic Standards failed to demonstrate live virus. These cases remained a disquieting mystery.

The PHS's Surgeon General Dr. Leonhard Scheele then read a report by his technical committee on the most recent steps to make the vaccine safer. There were "striking differences," said Scheele, in "the degree of clarity of the different fluids" from which the various manufacturers have prepared vaccine. After the virus is grown in a broth of monkey-kidney tissue and left standing, a sediment may appear at the bottom of the flasks. The sediment is like lumps in porridge. When formaldehyde is added to kill the virus, it cannot reach the particles in the middle of the lumps, thus leaving them dangerously infective.

In some cases, said Scheele, manufacturers had left virus cultures lying around for months and had failed to filter them

before adding formaldehyde. Why this was permitted he did not say. Now, filtering must be done within 72 hours before the virus is killed and with the finest of glass filters.

Precipitate Close. Later in the week, 1,000 delegates crowded to hear a panel of twelve polio experts, among them Jonas Salk himself, discuss their experience with the vaccine. Dr. Salk offered evidence that children under six can get as much protection from the vaccine as their elders—which some of his critics doubt—and defended continued use in the vaccine of the Mahoney virus strain, a potent cause of paralysis.

The upshot of five days of polio-oriented meetings: the Salk vaccine is good, but as used this year it was imperfect, and its boosters seem determined to keep the public (which paid more than \$35 million for it) from learning much about those imperfections. Next year's prospect: 50 million or more doses of vaccine will be available (how many people will get how many shots is still to be decided); the vaccine will be safe; and it will be at least 80% effective.

Peddler's Will

Everybody on Chicago's South Side—and in U.S. medicine—knows what Michael Reese is: a first-rate hospital center that treats countless charity cases as well as paying patients.

But if anybody in the neighborhood is asked about Michael Reese, whose name is carved in bold stone above the main entrance, he has a hard time answering. "A German immigrant who made his fortune in California real estate," is the accepted version. The cynical have more colorful addenda. Reese (né Ries) was a peddler who went to California in the

wake of the Forty-Niners and, some say, made himself a stake by rolling gold-laden drunks as a sideline.

After he had piled up millions in San Francisco real estate, Reese still refused to pay a nickel for a street-car ride and thought 25¢ too much for a dinner. A contemporary described him sitting in his shabby office, "before him a large pile of \$1,000 U.S. Government bonds, and he was clipping off the coupons. That face! Like a hungry boy taking into his mouth a ripe cherry, or a mother gazing down into the face of her pretty sleeping child." To a Methodist preacher, Reese once said: "My love of money is a sort of insanity, but it is as good a form of madness as any."

Getting on in years, Reese decided to visit his parents' grave in Germany. But he would not pay a few pennies to the cemetery gatekeeper. One legend has it that he tried to climb the fence, impaled himself on a rusty iron spike and died of blood poisoning. Another version: he died of apoplexy when asked to pay.

Barbary Coast. Bachelor Reese's will said that his heirs (mostly in-laws) should use \$200,000 of his \$2,000,000 fortune for charity. They decided in 1879 to back a hospital, adding carefully that it was "to be called the Michael Reese Hospital for all time to come." Also they ruled that "the hospital be nonsectarian, that the sufferers, no matter of what religion or nationality, if found worthy and there be room, be admitted." The site, 29 blocks south of the Loop, was then on the lake shore and in the city's most fashionable residential area. But the district hit the skids, and wealthy residents moved to the near North Side. In the 1920s, mansions were cut up into tenements, populated mostly by poverty-stricken Negroes teeming in from the South. With poverty went crime, and the former Gold Coast became as raffish as any Barbary



CHICAGO'S MICHAEL REESE HOSPITAL
Mercy for all—and face lifting for the South Side.

Michael Shea



BENEFACTOR REESE
"That face!"

Coast that old Reese had known: murder and rape, stabbings and gang brawls were the order of any night. The hospital declined with the neighborhood.

By the end of World War II, material as well as philanthropists' money for rehabilitation became available, and the board of directors (still dominated by Reese's kin) had to choose: whether to move the hospital at great expense to another district or try to pull up the near South Side by its bootstraps. The board voted for bootstraps.

Safety First. Hospital spokesmen helped put drive into the South Side Planning Commission, led a vast slum-clearance and rebuilding project. Hospital units multiplied; some, such as the X-ray and psychiatric departments, set a brisk pace for the whole U.S. In 1946 Dr. Morris H. Kreger took over as executive director, found that he also had to be a safety director. Each night, by his order, every hospital door except the emergency room is locked at 9 p.m. Michael Reese has its own staff of 28 police; a guard escorts nurses, patients and visitors three blocks to the nearest bus stop, and another guard patrols the stop continuously. Two station wagons shuttle nurses to the Loop's rapid-transit lines. Even so, there are still occasional casualties among hospital personnel.

Despite these difficulties, Michael Reese is booming and carrying much of the South Side with it. The \$2,000,000 total given by Reese and his heirs now looks small beside the \$26 million expansion program begun in 1945. All around, slum clearance, model housing and other projects run into the hundreds of millions. Last week Michael Reese admitted the first patients to its 10th building, a \$3,750,000 pavilion with 112 beds.

Michael Reese cares for 5,000 inpatients and 42,000 outpatients on a charter basis every year (one-third of Chicago's charity total for 82 hospitals). It relies on the Jewish Federation for about \$1,000,000 a year to meet its resulting deficits, instead of overcharging its paying patients. Founder Michael Reese would approve of both his hospital and its fiscal policies.

Parthenogenesis?

Are virgin births possible in nature? In guppies, yes, because the female may be a hermaphrodite and, by producing sperm as well as ova, fertilize herself. In rabbits, fatherless reproduction has been observed after the doe's ovaries are chilled. But in humans? Maybe, says the *Lancet* of London, and last week doctors went to work to see whether there are living proofs in England today.

Britain's interest in a topic long pigeonholed by science was spurred by a report that Eugenist Helen Spurway gave at University College in London. Among humans, she declared, virgin birth could not happen in the case of a hermaphrodite, who would not be self-fertile. However, parthenogenesis[®] might occur. This is the process by which an ovum begins to divide spontaneously, without having been fertilized by a sperm—perhaps after it has made up for the missing male chromosomes by a form of doubling. It is almost certain that the offspring of parthenogenesis would be a female, since the ovum contains only female chromosomes.

"If it does occur at all, it is extremely rare," said the *Lancet*. However, this is no reason for dismissing the idea entirely: "A rare event which is hard to prove is likely never to be reported at all if it is also . . . 'known' to be impossible . . . Possibly some of the unmarried mothers whose obstinacy is condemned in old books . . . may have been telling the truth."

How to be sure? Dr. Spurway suggests that a woman who claims such a pregnancy can be tested by a skin-grafting operation if the child is born alive. Ordinarily, no skin graft from one human being to another (except between identical twins) "takes" permanently, because of cell differences. A normal child's cells are slightly different even from the mother's, because they have some of the father's antigens. A successful graft from child to mother would show that the child had received no antigens from any other source.

As soon as Britain's press took up the story, three women came forward with claims of virgin births. Two were married. Doctors promptly began checking the claimants (names withheld), first to be sure that they were serious and sincere, next for blood types. Any blood difference between mother and daughter would throw out the claim. Only after these tests are passed will there be occasion for the decisive skin-graft tests.

* From the Greek *παρθενος*, virgin—as in Parthenon, temple of the virgin goddess Athena.



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THE PRESS

At a Distance

No sooner had President Eisenhower moved into his Gettysburg farm last week, than enterprising photographers, training long lenses from perches as far away as one-eighth of a mile, got pictures that seemed to put the viewer right into Ike's backyard. Next day Presidential Press Secretary James C. Hagerty asked photographers to stop it. "It is vitally important to the welfare and to the health of the President," said Hagerty, "that he be allowed to walk around that farm without having or being conscious of telescopic lenses on him at all times."

Hagerty spoke to the White House press corps from a new address: a Gettysburg basketball court that had been transformed into headquarters for the 48 newsmen covering Ike's sojourn. One end of the white and rose room—which still looked like a gym—was the assembly area for Hagerty's twice-daily briefings.

Townsfolk wandered in and out, especially after the evening movie let out next door, peered over reporters' shoulders. Moppets surprised the newsmen by asking for autographs. Pretty coeds from Gettysburg College dropped in regularly to cover the Hagerty briefings for the campus paper and to talk shop with press corps veterans.

But the press corps was getting the news out as smoothly as from Denver or the White House press room. Only one thing made newsmen a bit uneasy: they were still dependent for their news on virtually only one source: Press Secretary Hagerty.

Rage of Paris

In France, where literature can be a hot front-page issue, the biggest story of the week—and the year's liveliest press brawl—raged around the blonde head of an eight-year-old poetess. Was little Minou Drouet a genius or a fraud?

When Publisher René Julliard saw the first verses in Minou's childish scrawl, he thought he had found a literary prodigy even greater than his last discovery. Teenager Françoise Sagan, whose short, sexy *Bonjour Tristesse* is an international best-seller. He brought Minou from Brittany, along with 49-year-old Spinster Claude Drouet, who had adopted the child at age of two. Then he brought out a slim limited edition containing ten poems and ten poesy-struck letters. Sample:

I picked in the sky
One by one
The softest stars
They slipped like tears
On the cold cheeks of the night
And when there were enough
To flower the pillow
Where you roll your head
I tied my bouquet
With a slick ribbon
Of anguished blue.

France's conservative *Le Figaro* (circ. 490,000) burst into front-page bousquets: "Ravishing poems, sparkling with



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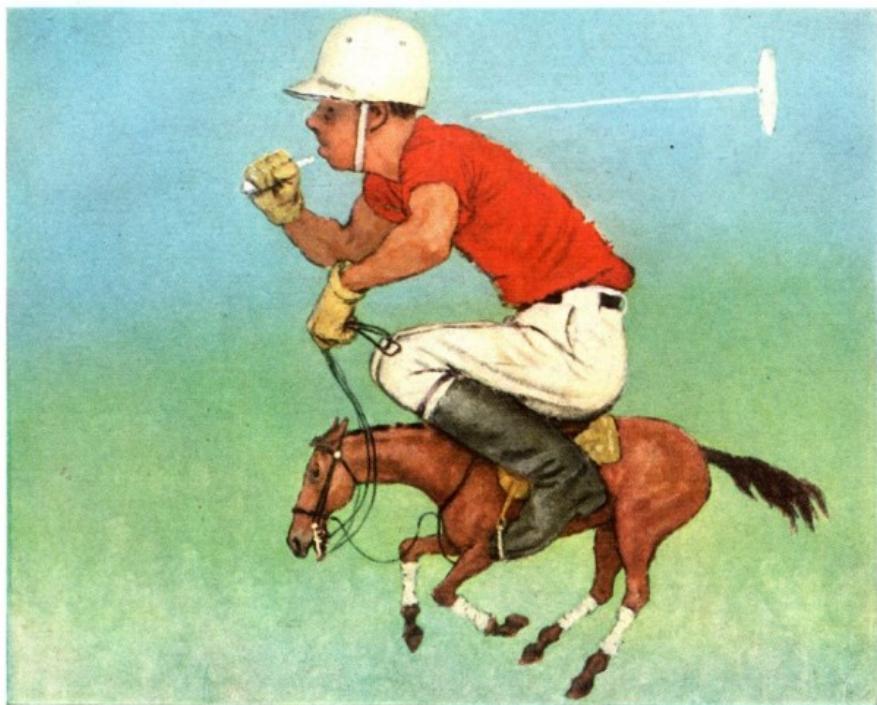
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spontaneous sensations, new tingling images." Rhapsodized Professor Pasteur Valléry-Radot, of the French Academy: "She is simply a being of genius. This is art in all its purity." Overnight, little Minou's reputation rose higher than the French cost of living.

Glory or Money? Then the Pierre Lazareff's *Elle* (circ. 700,000), the country's biggest women's weekly, sent a reporter and photographer on the story. What they found made headlines not only for *Elle*, but also for the Lazareff's daily *France-Soir* (circ. 1,100,000).

Under the headline: L'AFFAIRE MINOU DROUET: CHILD PRODIGY OR PRODIGIOUS IMPOSTOR? *Elle* described how Mlle. Drouet's tales about Minou had failed to check with neighbors, teachers and the parish priest, and how she kept prompting the moppet in the interview. As for Minou, reported *Elle*, "She does not know



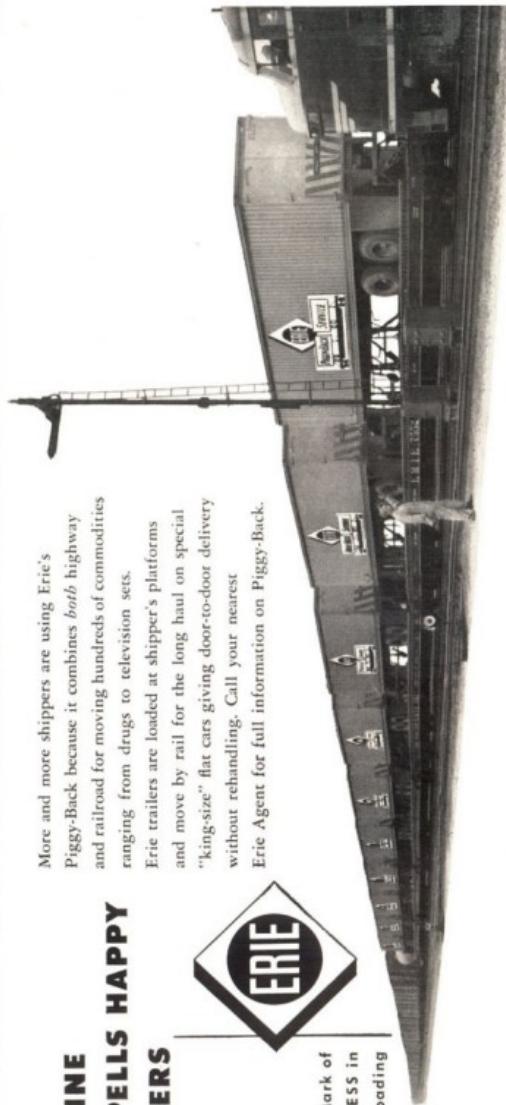
Jean-Louis Sieff—Scoop

POETESS DROUET
A ghostwriter in the sky?

the meaning of words used in her poems. Did she write them? If not, did her mother? And if her mother did, did she do it to sublimate her ambition and frustration, for love of glory or love of money?"

A Cruel Hoax. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's *L'Express* (circ. 75,000) promptly slashed at the *Elle* charges with double-page center spreads in defense "of that most fragile of human mechanisms: a poet." The paper ran photostats of Minou's green-inked scribbling, complete with its own expert's handwriting analysis ("imagination, energy, naïve assurance") and psychological deductions ("harmoniously developed, neither stupid, nor poor nor vulgar").

At week's end, *Elle* dropped all caution and prepared its *coup de grâce* for this week's issue. Charged Hélène Lazareff: "A cruel hoax. Mlle. Drouet not only thought up all of Minou's poems but we have evidence that she also wrote them herself, in pseudo-childish handwriting."



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ART

The Basic Debate

Has the artist any obligation to weigh human values or to communicate through his art a vision of spiritual truth?

That simple question, to which almost any layman would answer yes, gets a fast and furious no from many of today's esthetes. Even to ask it in arty circles is to sound like a hick or a troublemaker. Selden Rodman, who is neither, uses it to kick off one of the most provocative art books in years (*The Eye of Man*; Devin-Adair; \$10). His own answer—affirmative—rattles the latitudes of a hundred ivory towers.

Rodman's thesis, in brief, is that modern art has turned its back on content, and therefore on the public—and that it's a great pity. "Content" Rodman defines as "a projection through tangible symbols of the artist's attachment to values outside art itself." To draw the shutters on all values except formal ones, and paint pictures of nothing at all, demeans art to the status of mere decoration. And art is being so demeaned, right and left.

Critics who deplore this trend and hope for better things are often laughed at. Laughter, in turn, can make for bitter or even bigoted criticism. Rodman, aware of the danger, does not hesitate to belabor some people in his own party. Among others, Rodman sideswipes A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford, who last summer took full-page ads in six Manhattan dailies to exhort against modern art and supine art critics (TIME, June 20). Hartford, he complains, "was asking that art define truth rather than express it—and then defining it himself in the narrowest terms . . . To demand of art a specific 'moral answer' is just as unreasonable as to insist, as some formalist critics do, that the artist have no morals at all, that he create in a vacuum."

The main contribution of *The Eye of*

Man lies not in such blameless refereeing but in Rodman's heartfelt reinterpretation of art history, past and present. In a succession of loosely connected essays he shows that art has always been two-faced. Giotto knew how to make the two faces—form and content—merge into one. So did Rembrandt and every other great painter. But artists who try to get around the problem by sacrificing form to content (like the academicians) or content to form (like the most extreme of the moderns) have always fallen flat between the two.

To profile the two faces, Rodman organized a loan exhibition at Manhattan's Gallery G last week. One side of the gallery was devoted to pictures emphasizing form, and the other side to those in which content came first. Leaning over backward to be fair, he made abstractions the show's better half. Actually his thesis was better illustrated by other works currently showing. Items:

¶ Hans Hofmann, 75-year-old prophet of "Abstract Expressionism," exhibited (at the Kootz Gallery) big canvases thickly smeared with what seemed to be mud, blood and cud. "Pictorial life," as Hofmann tried to explain in the exhibition catalogue, "is not imitated life; it is, on the contrary, a created reality based on the inherent life within every medium of expression. We have only to awaken it. Color metabolism preconditions the continuity of color development towards a plastic and psychic realization."

¶ Willem de Kooning, 51, showed (at the Martha Jackson Gallery) more of the monstrous "Women" that have obsessed him for the past five years. Because he paints figures half dissolved in an angry sea of paint, De Kooning has long been called the man most likely to succeed in creating a new synthesis of figure-painting and abstractionism. But the best picture in last week's show was altogether abstract—the sea had closed over the



BISHOP'S WOMAN



DE KOONING'S WOMAN

THE HASTY PERFECTIONIST

FRANCE'S famed Eugène Delacroix (1798-1863) once told an art student: "If you are not skillful enough to sketch a man jumping out of a window in the time it takes him to fall from the fourth story to the ground, you will never be able to produce great works." Delacroix's aim, as his friend French Poet Charles Baudelaire put it more precisely, was "to execute quickly enough and with sufficient sureness so as not to allow any element in the intensity of an act or idea to be lost." To this end Delacroix worked continually to perfect his drawing, at his death left behind him no less than 11,000 pastels, watercolors and sketches. A selection of these, on view this week at Harvard's Fogg Art Museum (*see opposite*), shows how much this wealth of preparation contributed to the magic of the paintings that have made his name.

Paradoxically, while he sketched rapidly, Delacroix spent eight months in preliminary studies for a single painting, *The Massacre at Scio*. In many ways, he approached painting itself as a great performer approaches music; he believed that only endless practice prepares the artist for the

grand performance when he must soar above pedestrian problems of technique. He was in continual revolt against the neo-classic manner that Ingres had inherited from Napoleon's court painter, David. To find a counterbalance, Delacroix went back to Rubens' tumultuous, baroque style. A cold, diffident man in private life, he drew his inspiration from music, or from the grand gestures of English Actor Edmund Kean's playing of Shakespearean tragedies or the literary works (Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, Byron and Tasso), noting in his journal, "Remember eternally certain passages from Byron to inflame your imagination."

Though in his day Delacroix won even Goethe's praise for his Faust drawings, much of his theatrical subject matter—triumphant crusaders, fierce sultans and pashas, sultry harem girls—today seems mawkish. Probably only his scenes drawn on the barricades during the 1830 revolution still hold men's imagination. But if Delacroix's content is dated, his art is not. He attacked his craft with an iron will, raising color to a central, expressive role and making discoveries in form and line that still delight the eye.



MAN LEADING A HORSE

"I believe that a mere drawing permits you both to brood over a thing and to bring it to birth . . . Within these narrow limits . . . one may attain the highest emotion."—Delacroix



THE SKIRMISH AT THE PONT D'ARCOLE

"Everything in his work is only desolation, massacres, conflagrations. Everything bears witness to man's eternal and incorrigible barbarism."—Baudelaire on Delacroix



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figure. As diffident as he is famous, De Kooning says painting is "like shooting dice. I shoot ten and then try again. I just keep throwing until I get what I want."

¶ Isabel Bishop, 52, showed (at the Midtown Galleries) the shimmering brown pictures of working girls that are her self-appointed province. A meticulous realist, Bishop comes down hard on content but escapes academicism on two counts. First, her paintings are paintings, not mere pictures. She sinks her subjects not into an angry sea like De Kooning but into a forest pool of paint, delicately manipulated. Second, she paints them as human beings, never mere flesh and bone. "I use the most awful criterion for my own work," Bishop says. "I ask, 'Is it so?' A thing may be just as nicely rendered, just as well composed, as can be, and yet be completely un-so!"

¶ No less than 165 contemporary American painters strutted their stuff in a thor-



Tommy Rodman

Time for a hick question.

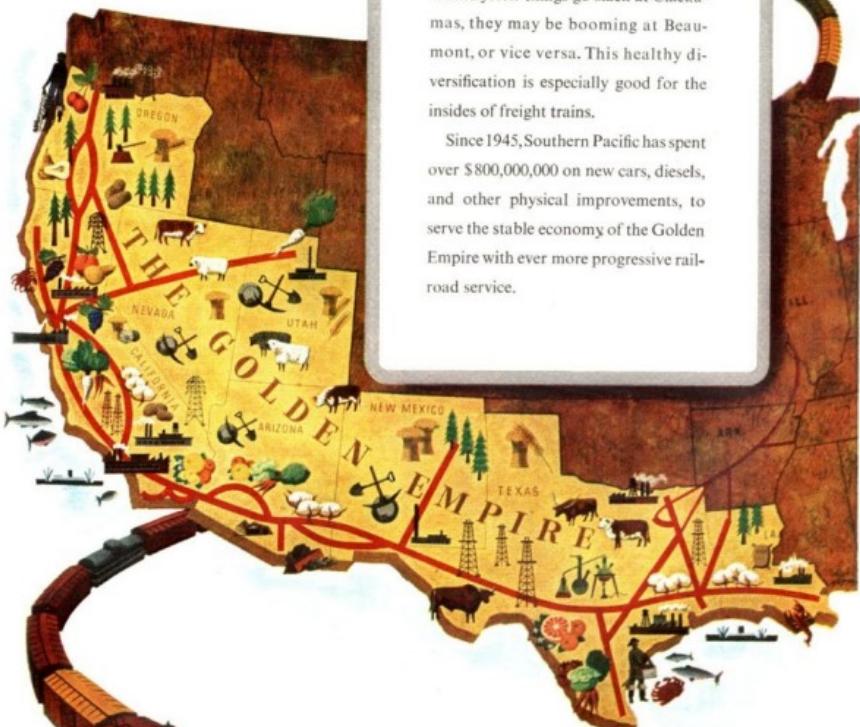
oughly disheartening cross-section show at the Whitney Museum. Mainly, it was a hullabaloo of large, loud abstractions signifying little more than the artists' desire to be noticed. Doubtless from the same desire, a young (32) academician named Larry Rivers exhibited a vast, vulgar painting of a naked couple, lifesize. It was smudged at the feet, which are hard to draw, but the more central parts got full treatment. In such drear company the few brilliant pictures—Ben Shahn's *Everyman*, Charles Sheeler's *Western Industrial* and Jack Levine's little *Judah*—looked a lot less thin than they actually are.

Through thick and thin, Shahn, Sheeler and Levine, along with Isabel Bishop, remain the sort of painters whom Rodman describes as being "less concerned with art than with life . . . [They] set their backs against the tide of fashion and seek to introduce expressive content into art without sacrificing form."

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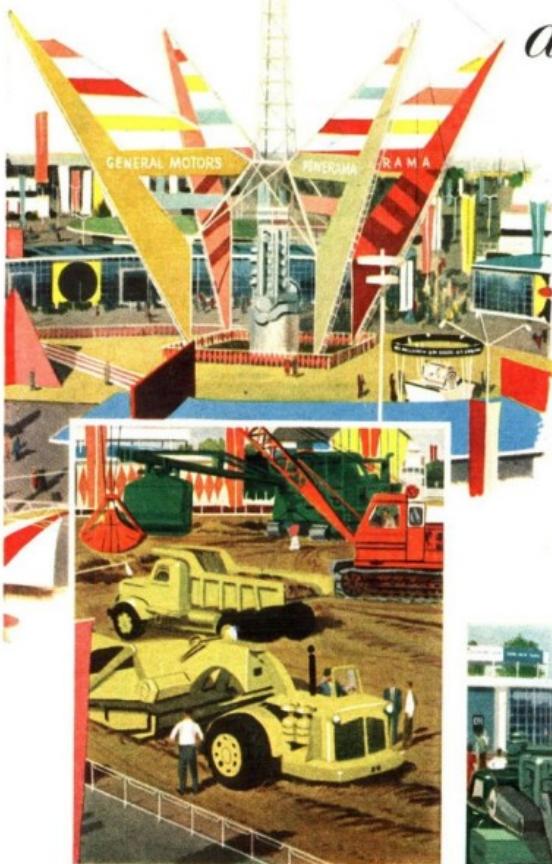
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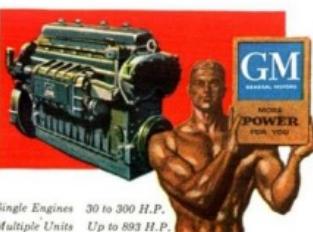


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SCIENCE

Conservative Prediction

Within five years, rockets will be carrying mail and cargo across the Atlantic. Shortly thereafter, they will be carrying passengers. These predictions were made at last week's Chicago meeting of the American Rocket Society by Harry F. Guggenheim, aircraft and rocket pioneer, and a director of the National Aeronautic Association. Guggenheim believes that rockets will cost less than jet airliners and will use less fuel because they will coast most of the way through the almost airless ionosphere.

For 40 years, said Guggenheim, he has been making aeronautical prophecies, and he has tended to err on the conservative side. In 1927, for instance, he predicted (with a good many escape clauses) that "in this generation in which we are living" commercial aircraft would travel at 300 m.p.h. "At that time," said Guggenheim, "I was branded a partisan and a visionary."

All the World's a (TV) Stage

Prospects of worldwide television transmission are looking up. At last week's "scatter propagation" conference at George Washington University, electronics engineers were enthusiastic about the recently declassified techniques for transmitting "line-of-sight" waves much farther than the horizon.

Long radio waves can be used to send code and voice across the oceans because they are deflected downward by ionized layers in the atmosphere, and therefore follow the curve of the earth. They cannot be used for television chiefly because they do not offer a wide enough band of frequencies. The shorter waves, including those that are used for TV, pass through the ionized layer and are lost in space. So

TV signals tend to fade out a few miles beyond the horizon.

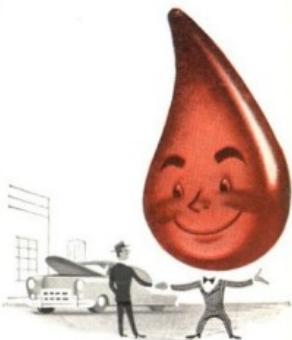
Recent discoveries showed that on certain frequencies not all of the energy in the line-of-sight signal makes its escape into space. A small part of it is "scattered" downward. Electronics men compare this effect to the scattering of light from a searchlight beam. Not much light is scattered, but often the beam can be seen from a great distance when the searchlight itself is invisible.

Two bands of waves, VHF (Very High Frequency, 30 to 60 megacycles) and UHF (Ultra High Frequency, 300 to 1,000 megacycles), have been found to scatter. No one seems to know precisely what it is that makes them do it. Meteor trails are suspected in the case of VHF. Small "blobs" of irregularity in the electrical properties of the atmosphere up to 25,000 ft. are supposed to be the scattering agent for UHF. Whatever the cause, the waves do scatter, and special apparatus has been developed for the armed services to take advantage of the scattering. Some of the equipment is spectacular (*see cut*). Extra-powerful transmitters must be used, and two large receiving antennas placed well apart give better results than one. With the proper setup VHF has been transmitted dependably more than 1,000 miles. UHF, the wave band suitable for TV, is good for 300 miles.

The range is not long enough to carry TV programs across the Atlantic in one hop, but relay stations using Greenland and Iceland as stepping stones can do the trick. Other continents could be reached in the same way without too much difficulty. TV Pioneer Allen B. Du Mont stated at the conference that there is now no electronic reason why nearly all the world should not watch the same TV program at the same time.



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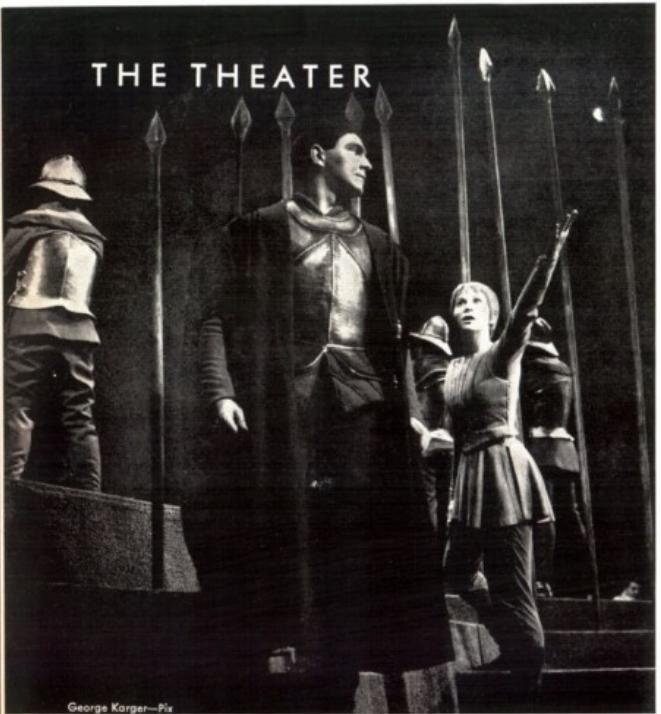
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THE THEATER



George Karger—Pix

JOAN HEEDS THE VOICES, AND ACCEPTS DEATH IN SCENE WITH WARWICK

A Fiery Particle

(See Cover)

The new girl in Miss Hewitt's Classes was small and scrawny, with lank orange hair that hung to her shoulders and a worried little button mouth that made her look like a newborn mouse. She stood stiffly in a corner like a broom somebody had left there, while the other girls smiled and pulled their sweaters down and wondered what the awkward little newcomer was doing in the drama class. When the teacher came in, she asked each girl in turn to say why she wanted to act. "Well, it's better than ballet," one saucy subdebs said, and another replied: "Mother thinks it will give me poise." When the question was put to the girl in the corner, she lifted her quiet grey eyes to the teacher's face and said simply: "It's my life."

The teacher gasped—and many others since that day have gasped at Julie Harris. In the last dozen years, the girl with the plain little face and childlike limbs has laid her life upon the stage like a candle upon an altar, and the still, strong flame of her talent shines through the nervous wattage of Broadway with a pure and steady light. In a comparatively short career—until last week she had played only three major parts on Broadway—Julie Harris has established herself as, at

the very least, the best young actress in America. A European director calls her "one of the few great actresses of the age." The critics, forgetting their normal caution, have noted her "enormous range," her "incomparable sensibility," her "genius." Her fellow actors agree. Helen Hayes has solemnly passed on to her the handkerchief that Sarah Bernhardt gave to Julia Marlowe—sure symbol of her succession as first lady of the American theater. Ethel Barrymore, after Julie's success in *Member of the Wedding* and *I Am a Camera*, concluded: "That girl can do anything."

Giant Abstraction. Julie would be the last to agree with the Barrymore boast—but the dare was exciting. Last week on Broadway she took it. She opened as Joan of Arc in Lillian Hellman's adaptation of *The Lark* from the French of Jean Anouilh. Her previous roles, no matter how complex, had kept within the limits of "colloquial drama." She had played people of life size in a theater of the norm, and she had only to cut herself to make her characters bleed. Joan, however, was not merely a human being, into whose feelings an actress can properly project her own. She was also a historic idea, a giant abstraction. To bring her alive would require no little of that art divine that made the statue of Galatea

move. Julie knew that she was about to challenge "greatness" as that word was made woman in Bernhardt and Duse and Terry—to challenge it, moreover, as an actress still on the green side of 30.

Out in front, as the seconds ticked toward curtain time, the first-night audience fell into a tense and unaccustomed hush. They liked Julie's nerve, but they feared her fate. They remembered, too, the Joans of Katharine Cornell (1936), of Ingrid Bergman (1946) and of Uta Hagen (1951). Could Julie top them? The auguries had been uncertain. "Joan of Arc was put into history," one critic had said grandly, "so that Julie Harris could play the part." However, the play had proved a flop in London with another Joan, and the talk table at Sardi's had it that Julie "hasn't got the diaphragm for these big things, you know."

Eternity & Everywhere. The curtain rises to a rising ah of delight that passes into a volley of applause. The setting by Jo Mielziner is a striking thing. Instead of painted scenery, he has used a simple cotton scrim that sets the time at eternity, the place at everywhere. The fore-stage is filled with what looks like a mighty cubistic boulder on which Joan sits pale and still, like a piteous Prometheus. The tableau breaks, and the trial, which is the metaphor the action moves in, takes its course. In a matter of moments it is clear that the London fiasco is not to be repeated by Producer Kermit Bloomgarden. For that production Christopher Fry had done a literal translation from the French. For this one Lillian Hellman has cut 43 pages of *Anouilh*—and *ennui*. What is left, while faithful to the original in scenic form, has been trenchantly re-written by one of the ablest theater minds in the U.S., and the result is intellectual theater at close to its best. The ideas that the drama deals in are among the grandest in the human range, and as they marshal and maneuver on the stage, the audience feels caught and carried into the icy passion of a superhuman chess game in which the stakes are life or death for more than Joan. Compared of course to the virile mace-work of George Bernard Shaw in his *Saint Joan*, it is sometimes oversubtle rapier play in the Gallic fashion that scores points but does not really make a wound. The actors, however, under brilliant coaching by Director Joseph Anthony, use their weapons with such skill and fury that the beholder can often mistake words for swords. It all, the play lacks the emotional substance of important drama, but it has the cerebral excitement and the visual flair of superior theater.

For her judges, Joan plays out the great scenes of her life: the coming of the voices, the assignations with angels and the beating she got when her father thought they were men, the political rehearsals with a rural winesack (Theodore Bikel), the advent at Chinon, the brotherhood in arms (Bruce Gordon) and the rich reek of fighting France—stale wine, hot harness—that kept her head clear

through the glory and the banners and the blood. Scene follows scene without shift; past follows present follows past as sun follows shadow on a dappled day. As Joan strides through her story, the lights minister her mood and clothe her in whatever world she needs as vividly as any scenery could, while the responsive scrim behind her glitters with cathedral glass or glooms with dungeon night. The climax comes in her quenchless defiance of the inquisition: "What I am, I will not denounce. What I have done, I will not deny."

The Sound of Violins. As the drama was resolved in flames, the first-night audience went up in smoke. From her first speech, Julie Harris had held them, as her Joan was held, in the bright wonder of a visitation. In the power of the English (Christopher Plummer) she sat in the cruel dock, a brave but pathetic young girl; yet as she played her life out on the stage, a beauty of holiness unfolded out of her and beat upon the faces of the crowd like great white wings. They followed the gleam of her sincerity as she led them through a thicket of theology, until they came to the existential end: that man cannot be true to God except he be true to himself. When other actors faltered—and every member of the excellent cast, except Boris Karloff as the judge, was jittered off top form on opening night—Julie upheld them. As the final curtain fell on a flaunting pageant of Joan's triumph at the coronation of the Dauphin (Paul Roehling), the first-nighters rose with a roar. They gave the cast eight curtain calls and Julie a standing ovation as she dissolved in tears.

The critics put aside their typewriters and brought out the violins. "For many years I have treasured the word 'great,'" the *Daily News'* John Chapman wrote. "This morning it belongs to Miss Harris." The *Post's* Richard Watts declared that he had "never seen a finer portrayal of Joan," and Walter Kerr of the *Trib* pronounced her "fiercely, wonderfully believable" in her "dazzling honesty." The *Times'* Brooks Atkinson called her a "fiery particle" and Joan "her finest, most touching performance."

At 1 o'clock the next morning, as the early editions thudded on the sidewalks of Broadway, the status of Julie Harris had changed—from rising star to reigning diva. Yet to the hundreds of well-wishers who tramped through her dressing room it was puzzlingly apparent that this diva was perhaps the most improbable mutation of the type since Charlotte Cushman hauled on tights and ranted Romeo to her sister's Juliet.

Goodbye to All That. The leading lady of the great tradition is expected to resemble the gyascutus, prock, tree squeak and swamp gaboon rolled into one. Bernhardt, it is said, would swirl onstage with "eyes that resembled holes burned into a sheet of paper"; her lines she sang in a melodious but somewhat fruity "voice of gold." Rumor had it that she slumbered in a coffin lined with silk. The majestic Modjeska once held a U.S. audience

"clutched in [her] spell" with a heart-breaking recital of what she later admitted was the Polish alphabet, and the mighty Duse would petulantly play her big scenes hidden from the audience.

Julie Harris is an absolute goodbye to all that. As Playwright John van Druten puts it: "Onstage she is a flame, but as she leaves it she turns into a wisp of smoke." Not since Maude Adams has a famous actress cherished such a private private life. She and her husband, Stage Manager Manning Gurian, manage to live in midtown Manhattan, not ten blocks off Broadway, as quietly as two deaf theater mice in a kettledrum. They seldom go out, seldom entertain. Julie does the housework when she doesn't have a play, and takes care of the baby, Peter, who is four months old; Manning does a fair share of the cooking. "I'd like to lead a glamorous life," she says, "but it tires me out." As it is, she scarcely drinks four shots of whisky in a year, and a taxi ride is almost like a spree. She has no jewelry, no furs. She still wears some blouses that she bought in high school. The spice of her life is a window-shopping walk down Fifth Avenue.

Strong Light. The plain life expresses some remarkably solid virtues. She burns continuously with what a friend calls "unmitigated sincerity." She loves or she hates; she gives everything or nothing. She is a one-man woman with a one-track mind. The theater is her religion and she serves it like a vestal. She has almost no material concerns. "She would work 20 hours a day for \$20 a week if I didn't watch out," her husband says. It is hard for her to tell a lie, and she blazes in defense of the truth as she sees it.

So strong a light must necessarily cast a strong shadow; and Julie, so her friends think, has been too much afraid of the dark in human life for a grown-up girl. She agrees. "I haven't got a good capacity for suffering. I crack too quickly under the stress of it. I give up and I go away from what is hurting me. I don't want a life of continual fighting. I have a longing for peace. I wish I had more fight, but when I fight I lose my work—the feeling goes out of it."

In the last year, since her second marriage, Julie's roots in real life are better fed, and the vital shapes of a permanent feeling and experience are filling her child face. She no longer lives so one-sidedly, and is beginning to accept her weaknesses as well as her strengths. As a result, she makes fewer strict rules for herself and sets fewer standards for others. Her innocence of the world is warming to a womanly kind of realism.

Sometimes, though, fed up with her good-girl reputation, Julie has a tomboy temptation to bitch it up a little. She can use a four-letter word when she has to; and one day when a shapely young actress was making her usual bid for attention, Julie sneered: "Oh, if I had a bosom, I could rule the world!" Says Julie: "I really hate to be well-bred!" The fact is, she has little choice in the matter.

Julia Ann Harris was born Dec. 2,



SHE WINS THE DAUPHIN



George Karger—Pix

CHARMS THE KNIGHT

YIELDS TO THE BISHOP





"THE DEATH WATCH" AT SARDI'S
"Finest" (Times), "Great" (News), "Dazzling" (Herald Tribune).

1925, well on the right side of the Detroit tracks. Her father, an investment banker, was a rich man by inheritance and a scholar by nature. Her mother, a girl from Jersey City, is described as "a charming and *soignée* woman." The family was conservative, but there was a theatrical taint in the blood. Julie's great-grandfather had a longing to tread the boards, but mounted the pulpit instead. He became the second Episcopal bishop of Michigan.

The only real crisis of Julie's childhood was The Crash of 1929. When the dust had settled, a few servants were gone, but there were still plenty left. Daylong Julie played on the wide lawns that ran down to Lake St. Clair. In the winter there was skating on the lake, and in summer the whole family moved to the exclusive Huron Mountain Club, set in a tract of virgin wood and trouty freshet. "She was such a normal little girl," her mother remembers. However, there were suggestions of sensibility. When anybody told ghost

stories she was an easy haunt, and to this day she is afraid to put her feet on the floor when she is alone in a room at night—a disembodied hand, the subject of a radio thriller she heard when she was twelve, might come crawling across the carpet and grab her ankle.

Ape & Lady Bracknell. The movies caught her imagination early. What she saw on the screen she became in real life—at least for the rest of the day. After the weekly Weissmuller, she and her two brothers played Tarzan in the sunac ("I was an ape"). As the movie-madness grew, she became Vivien Leigh, Ginger Rogers, Olivia de Havilland. She filled dozens of scrapbooks with pictures of her favorites. The high point of her girlhood came when a schoolboy said she reminded him of Bette Davis, *Gone With the Wind* she saw 13 times, and in one month of 1942 she saw through 52 motion pictures.

At six Julie went to dancing class, and from the first she took leads in the plays at Grosse Pointe Country Day School, where she made a perky, 90-lb. Lady Bracknell in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. She always had a curious sensation of being more alive when she was playing somebody else than when she was being herself. At eleven she confided passionately to the Harris cook: "I'm going to be an actress—or bust!"

The acting, she now recalls, made up for everything: bird-legs, teeth braces and no beaux. "The only boys who liked me were characters—you know, intelligent. I wanted one like Robert Taylor." At 16 she heard about an acting camp in Colorado run by Charlotte Perry and Portia Mansfield, and there was no holding her. For three summers in a row she ran off with almost all the best parts. "At night I

dreamed about being a great star like Bernhardt," she says. Nor was Bernhardt enough in those days; she also intended to be Pavlova. Her family had taken her to the *Ballet Russe*. "When Eglevsky leaped, I used to shriek the way other little girls did at Sinatra."

First Joan. From histrionic heaven she was sent straight to scholastic hell: a better-class boarding school in New England. "It was all girls." Next fall she persuaded her family to send her to Miss Hewitt's Classes in Manhattan, where she took Broadway for her major subject. For the drama class she played Shaw's Saint Joan, and was offered a Broadway job as an understudy, but her parents said she was too young (18) to quit school.

After Miss Hewitt's she got a good small part on Broadway in *It's a Gift*. "Talk began to go around," says Director Anthony, "about this scrawny creature with such extraordinary power." She was hired by the Old Vic as an onstage moan in *Oedipus*. One night she forgot to take off her wristwatch before her big scene, and after it Sir Laurence Olivier, well aware that the Greeks did not have wristwatches, remarked with chilid politeness: "Well, my dear, you certainly bitched that up."

After that came a summer of stock in Bridgton, Me., and before the summer was over, she also read her lines before a justice of the peace with Jay Juhlin, a young lawyer-producer (his latest play: *A Hatful of Rain*).

Back in New York she joined the Actors' Studio, and had three small parts on Broadway. "I was using my guts, all right," she says, "but not my head. I hadn't learned the difference between inspiration and technique." In *The Young and Fair* she played a boarding-school kleptomaniac, and under Harold Clurman's direction she began to mold emotion with intelligence. On opening night she stopped the show with her big scene.

Exquisite Problem. The lightning had struck, and as Julie's fame flickered hopefully, Director Clurman poured on it some explosive material: the part of Frankie in Carson McCullers' *Member of the Wedding*. It was make or break for Julie. At



Martha Holmes
WITH PLAYWRIGHT HELLMAN
No ennui in Anouilh.



* Reading the opening-night reviews, from left: Producer Bloogarden, Husband Manning Guarian, Julie.

Martha Holmes
WITH TEACHER HEWITT
No way but Broadway.

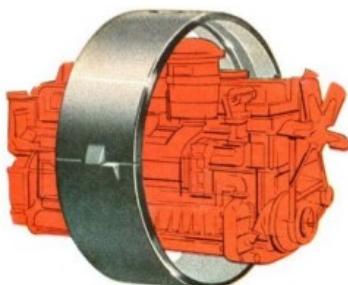


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24, she was asked to play a girl of twelve, a poor little nobody-wants-it that has just burst angry out of the egg to stagger about on guessing feet, with one world in pieces behind it and the next not yet ready to offer its warm wing. The part was cruelly long and difficult, and the actress found herself braced between fierce tensions. The mood was Tarkington, but it was Proust as well. Frankie was a kind of kitchen Hamlet but a kind of failed Huck Finn besides, and almost more boy than girl. She was the apotheosis of the awkward age, and an ungentle reminder that it may last from 8 to 80. She was, in short, the hurt little truth about growing up, and it was Julie's exquisite problem



Joe Clark

FATHER & MOTHER HARRIS
Great-grandfather took the pulpit.

to make people laugh at her and cry at themselves in the same breath.

She did. She saw in Frankie a magnificent chance to suffer the unhappy childhood she had been denied, and she suffered it right down to her dirty toes. As she splattered through her supper, grumped at cards, slashed about the kitchen with a carving knife or preened luridly in a grown-up's party dress, the wound of adolescence opened slowly on the stage for all to see. At season's end she got a Donaldson award as the year's best supporting actress. A year later she went to Hollywood to make the movie version.

Best Actress. In the land where girls are classed as oranges, grapefruits and lemons, Julie on her own report was received as "a strange object." On the set she scuffed about barefoot "to get into the mood for the part." A columnist reported that whenever Director Fred Zinnemann made a suggestion, she would say quietly: "This is the way we did it in the play." He would retire and the shooting would continue. Offstage she lived "a monastic life," although she did at last get to meet Bette Davis. "She was wonderful!" says Julie. "She looks just like she does in the movies."

In November 1951 Julie opened in her second hit. John Van Druten, who was

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But Mary did complain one evening, "Bill," she said, "I've been figuring things out. You're almost 35. We have two children to educate and start out in life. You can't work forever and I'm determined we'll not be dependent on anyone like your poor father is."

"Look! He appreciates what we're doing and . . ."

"Certainly," Mary replied, "but like any he-man he still resents being a dependent. Can you blame him?"

"No I can't," I said, "but what's this outburst all about?"

Mary looked at me, hard. "It's about us, our future and our children. People

like the Burkes—and he makes less than you—are building financial security for their families."

"But our expenses," I said, "and keeping up appearances!"

Mary laughed. "Look darling, regardless of everything, I know we can set aside \$20 a month to start building our future security. As your income grows, which it will, we can buy more . . . for emergencies, the children, and to bring us a monthly income when you decide to quit work."

"So, what do I do now?" I asked.

"Talk with Jim Burke about his plan," Mary ordered.

And that's how it all happened. A triple play—from Mary to Jim to the Bankers Life man who started me out on the Double Duty Dollar Plan best for me. Today Mary and I live in California—happy, relaxed with a \$300 check from Bankers Life coming in regularly every month to pad my income from a little business I started. And you can thank Mary for all of it!

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THE MANNING GURIANS & PETER (FOUR MONTHS)
As deaf as theater mice in a kettle-drum,

Martha Holmes

casting *I Am a Camera*, an episodic play about a young English writer and an amoral, intellectual girl in the Berlin of the decadent early-thirties. Sally Bowles was a hippy little chippy with a roll in her eye; Julie was no "relief map" and anything but a fast girl with a garter; but on opening night she was such an extravagant titfer that the comedy ran on Broadway for almost eight months, and Julie won another Donaldson award, this time as best actress of the year.

As her career was building up, her marriage was breaking down. "Jay and Julie gave each other everything they had," says a friend, "and it wasn't enough." In the summer of 1954, after making *East of Eden* in Hollywood, Julie got a divorce in Juarez, Mexico. Two months later, while working in England on the film version of *I Am a Camera*, she was married to Gurian, stage manager of the show.

No Words. The time had been trying. Julie was not a type to change husbands casually. She was emotionally exhausted. One night she fell asleep while eating dinner and toppled off her chair onto the floor. She was already committed to rehearsals for *The Lark*, but her husband insisted that she rest—and then she found out that she was pregnant. The Gurians had a long loaf in Barbados, came back to New York to have the baby. "It's a boy—Peter," she wrote a friend, "and he is lovely lovely lovely—there aren't any words." She took care of him herself from the first day she was home from the hospital. "I had to convince myself that I should go back to the theater," she says. "I found out that I was happy just being a mother."

Rehearsals for *The Lark* began Oct. 3, but Julie had been building what she knew to be her stiffest part, line by line, for more than a year. She read dozens of books and plays on her subject, but the literary and theatrical Joan she found im-

possibly confusing. Shakespeare had made her an unwed mother, Schiller a sort of Carmen on horseback. Mark Twain wrote her up, so Shaw remarked, as "an unimpeachable American schoolteacher in armor," and Shaw himself presents her as a political tomboy and "the pioneer of rational dressing for women." Anouilh used her in his play, which was intended as a sort of poetic recruiting poster, as a medieval Marianne waving the *bleu-blanc-rouge* and calling all Frenchmen to their former greatness. Julie went back to the historical Joan, and found her an even more prodigious figure of unreason—a military saint whose wounds miraculously healed when she prayed, an unlettered peasant girl with a genius for artillery. She was "*belle et bien formée*," but when she came in the door all sexual desire went out the window.

How could such a contradiction of qualities be brought together in one presence on the stage? Julie found the answer in a remarkable statue of Joan by an unknown medieval sculptor—"the figure of a sturdy, stocky girl," as Director Joseph Anthony describes it, "with thick hands, almost like a man's, laid together heavily in prayer. Her head is slightly raised—but demanding, not beseeching; God to hear. Her shoulders are hunched in heavy, earthbound determination. She has a natural concentration, like an animal's. Eye and body and brain are united without strain in simple existence."

A Great Mountain. To Julie, this was Joan; but to Anouilh, Joan was "the lark"—a spirit of "unbodied joy" that sings down out of unseen height upon the desperate world and lifts the human heart up to its hope. Julie set grimly to work, 15 hours a day, to reconcile these opposites in her performance. At the first run-through she had such power that a critical audience of theatrical professionals was sobbing unashamedly at the final line. At



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the Boston opening the critics cried "tremendous," but one of them fairly noted that she was sometimes "a little childish." Under the strain of the huge part her voice gave out, and one night before the show she broke down and wept in a panic. "I feel as if I'm climbing a great mountain," she told a friend, "and I'm bruised and hurt. In my part a simple country girl has such faith that she can move mountains. I think if only I had that faith I could do the part."

The Quality of Radiance. No matter how hard she tried, Julie could not make her Joan as good as she wanted it to be—or, indeed, as good as most of the critics said it was. It said nothing particularly new about human life; but it did say new and vital things about Julie Harris and about her warm young art.

It said that her essential quality as a performer, as a person, is radiance. Her emotions do not flame out in all directions at her audience. The fire draws inward to a center, and there burns in a still whiteness not unlike the brightness that the mystics live.

In this sense, Julie's emotional power is the opposite of the kind most strong emotional actors have. It is intensive, not extensive. From Booth to Brando, audiences have loved the actor who can spill his guts in their laps. Julie's instinct is not toward dissolution, but solution. In her search for clarity she has developed a more conscious craft than most of her contemporaries have. "When Julie is at the height of her most emotional scene," says Fellow Actor Karloff, "she is always in complete control of herself, just as a fine pianist is always master of his music." Says Anthony: "The most talented of our young actors are all unpredictable stuff. They don't know where their inspiration comes from when it comes, or where it goes to when it goes. The source can dry up and they are dead. But Julie knows. She works with herself as a conscious artist works with his materials. She's the only one of them who is sure to grow, who is sure to be a star for the rest of her life."

Julie nevertheless has the vices of her virtues, and she knows it. "An actress," she says, "needs all the emotionality she can get." And Julie, though she has plenty of a high and special kind, has less of the more everyday varieties. "What she needs now, if she is going to grow," a friend says, "is to have a woman's life, and to suffer a woman's portion, and to wait for a woman's strength to come to her out of the dark." Director Clurman agrees: "Julie hasn't developed what I call genius—an out-of-bounds personality. And there is no way you can go out and get it. Tragedy can develop it, but you just can't go out and have a tragedy."

You can't go out and get it, but you can go in and find it. If Julie dares to find it, there can be little doubt that the theater will be the richer for her experience, and she herself may one day be able to cry with Eleonora Duse: "There are a thousand women within me, and each one makes me suffer in turn . . . How I have loved life!"

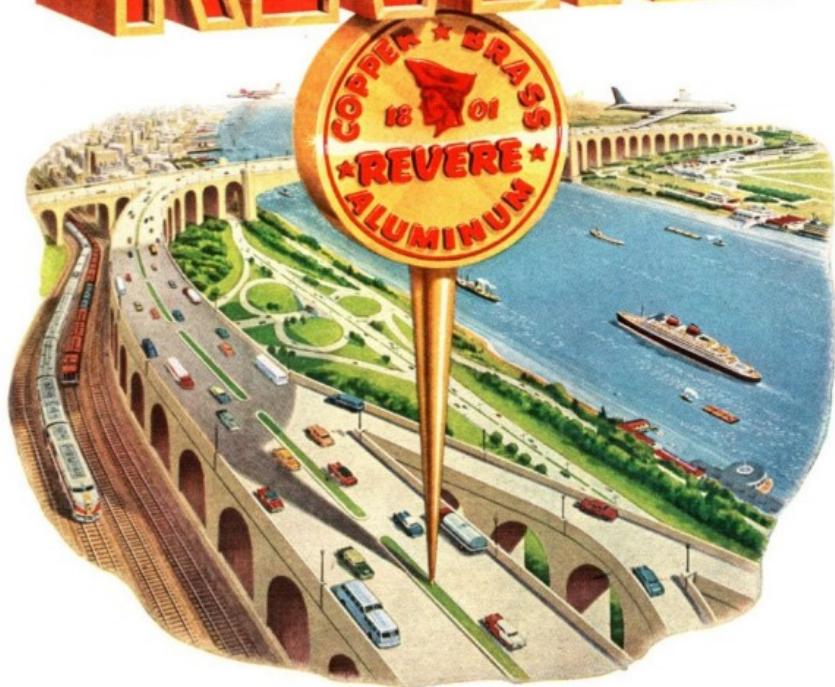
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RELIGION

Naked Hatred

While preparing to return to England on his superiors' orders, Anglican Father Trevor Huddleston, South Africa's great enemy of *apartheid* (TIME, Nov. 14), showed newsmen a remarkable document. It was a letter from a government official named Hertzog Biermann, and it typified the bitterness which, in the name of God, many white South Africans harbor against an outspoken man of God. Excerpts:

"You have left nothing undone to provoke the most un-Christian feelings through the mischief you have worked here . . . Because of this I see the hand of Providence in the manner of your going. If ever a man deserved to be drummed out of a country, to be ignominiously deported as an undesirable immigrant or, in the last resort, to be struck up from the nearest lamppost as a renegade, it was you . . . You leave behind a legacy of . . . naked hatred among people who were here before you came and who will, by the grace of God, survive the pernicious effects of your ministry."

Luther in English

Martin Luther was a prodigious writer; during his lifetime, more than 350 works came from his pen, including a translation of the Bible. But though more than 7,000,000 English-speaking Christians in North America call themselves Lutherans today, few have read Luther. The surprising reason: lack of translation.*

Just published is the first volume of a new 55-volume edition of Luther's works in flexible, modern English. Prepared joint-

* So far, there have been only the Weimar and Erlangen editions in German and Latin, the St. Louis edition in German, and the Philadelphia edition in English, which covers only a fraction of the material.

ly by St. Louis' Concordia Publishing House and Philadelphia's Muhlenberg Press, an arm of the United Lutheran Church in America, the new Luther will range the whole gamut of the reformer's work. Says Washington-born Theologian Helmut T. Lehmann, 41, who is in charge of the project: "We're not aiming this series at scholars. They can go to the original. This edition is intended for the searching layman, the pastor and the theological student." Nor need these readers anticipate heavy wading: "In many respects it is easier to understand Luther than much present day theological writing."

Dr. Lehmann is well borne out by the series' first published volume—No. 12, Luther's commentaries on selected Psalms. In his thoughts on the 23rd Psalm ("The Lord is my Shepherd"), Luther uses King David's great song as a commentary against what he considered a major evil of the Roman Catholic Church he knew:

"From these words we can also see clearly how shamefully we have been led astray under the papacy. It did not depict Christ in so friendly a fashion as did the dear Prophets, Apostles, and Christ Himself, but portrayed Him so horribly that we were more afraid of Him than of Moses . . . If that is not darkness, then I do not know what darkness is."

Martin Luther's commentary on *Psalm 21:1* ("Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling") revealed the distance the father of the Reformation had come—and the end he hoped to attain. "As a young man I hated this verse for I did not hear with pleasure that God had to be feared . . . I did not know that fear had to be mixed with joy or hope . . . We who are Christians are not entirely fearful or entirely happy. Joy is joined with fear, hope with dread, laughter with tears, so that we may believe that we shall then at last be perfectly joyous, when we have put away this flesh . . . To fear God and to trust God is alone true religion."

Captive Audience

The corridors outside the cells of Seattle's King County jail were filled with dozens of Sunday visitors. To the accompaniment of banjos, violins, and portable organs, they sang hymns. "Nothing but the blood of Jesus will wash away my sins," warbled one woman.

Inside the tanks, most of the prisoners gazed impassively at the bare walls, muttered sullenly among themselves, glanced longingly at a TV set that had been turned on when the visitors arrived. Some played cards, others read *Confidential* or lay down on their cots and covered their heads.

Every Sunday afternoon for the past 36 years, a small army of evangelists representing some 13 church groups has descended on the King County jail, intent on saving the souls of its captive audience. The evangelists never bothered to ask the prisoners whether they wanted the services, and many inmates openly



Burton Glinn—Life

EVANGELISTS SERENADING PRISONERS "Here come the Jesus Jazzers."

grumbled about them. "Here come the Jesus Jazzers," became a weekly chant.

Last summer a prisoner got a lawyer to file a suit charging that 1) the constitutional right of the 359 inmates to religious freedom was being denied, and 2) a prison rule was being broken by permitting religious services to be held outside the chapel. Last week the case came up in Seattle's Superior Court. A parade of prisoners testified that the evangelists competed loudly with each other, asked for contributions, insisted that inmates could be saved only by kneeling by the bars while an evangelist put his hands on their heads. "If you tried to talk," said a prisoner, "they'd just play the music louder and shake their fists."

The evangelists produced former prisoners who testified that the services had helped them. Robert Garling, a stocky teamster-pastor (who had been in jail three times in the late 1930s, for burglary), told the court how he had been won over, despite his early hostility. Charles Henderson, a maintenance worker, was also affected by the services: "One night I seen a vision . . . right on the bulkhead there in the jail." As for denying prisoners their rights, said counsel for the evangelists: "They can put their coats over their heads if they don't want to listen."

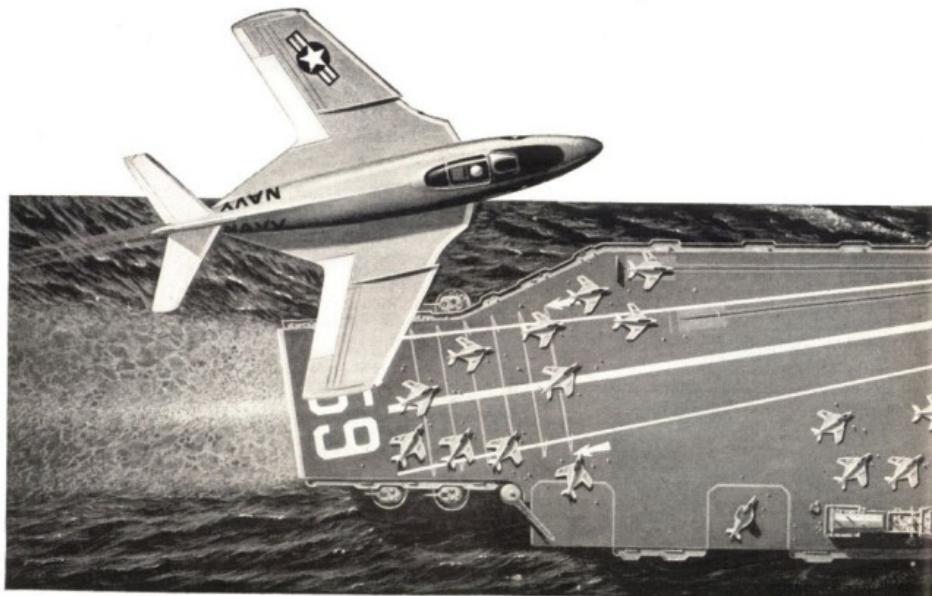
Superior Court Judge Howard M. Findley side-stepped the constitutional issue, refused to terminate the services. But before the evangelists could get out a hallelujah, he also refused their request to abrogate the prison rule prohibiting services outside the chapel, turned the whole matter over to Sheriff Tim McCullough. The sheriff decided that services henceforth will be held in the chapel where the evangelists can reach only prisoners who want to hear them. "It's a dirty shame," said one evangelist. "Why, we've been the bulwark against Communism in that jail for many years."



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PROGRESS NEEDS PROTECTION





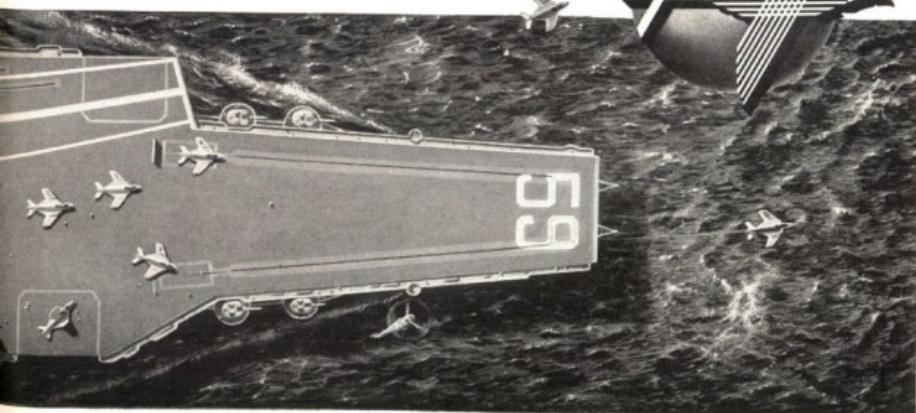
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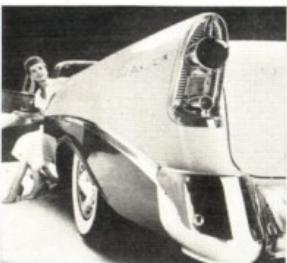
The Postcardiac Bulge

"The boom cannot continue at the pace seen this year," warned Bunker Howard C. Shepard, chairman of the First National City Bank of New York. "We have to accept some slowing down and prevent inflation from leading us into a cycle of boom and bust." In Washington last week, the Federal Reserve Board agreed. Since April, FRB has been gently applying the credit brakes, has three times boosted the rediscount rate on funds borrowed by member banks. But now the FRB found that it must apply the brakes harder; the boom apparently has too much momentum to be easily slowed. Within 24 hours, six Federal Reserve Districts across the U.S. boosted the discount rate another 1%, to 2 1/2%; the other six will probably follow suit, putting the overall rate at the highest level in 21 years.

Pauses & Peaks. The Federal Reserve thought it had reason to worry about more inflation. The wait-and-see attitude that had shown up among some businessmen after President Eisenhower's illness had disappeared. Said one top FRB official: "After the 'cardiac pause,' I'd call the strong upward push this month the 'post-cardiac bulge.'" On the FRB's index, industrial production hit a record 142% of the 1947-49 average. Steelmakers were operating at 98.8% of capacity. Automakers rolled out the year's 7,000,000th car, an alltime record, and the schedules called for a 27% production increase in 1955's last two months over 1954's.

Despite all the production, demand was pushing prices steadily higher. Spot prices for metal were up to 118.3% of the 1947-49 average, a jump of 1% in less than a month. Wholesale prices for manufactured commodities rose 4% in October to 119.1% of the average; building materials hit a record 128.7% of the average. Businessmen talked of still more expansion, were going heavier into debt to help finance it. The Federal Reserve Board reported that borrowing by member banks increased to \$1.2 billion last week v. \$271 million last year. Commercial-bank loans were up to \$78.5 billion, some \$8 billion more than at the start of the year. National Steel Corp. Chairman Ernest Weir announced last week that his company would spend \$200 million to boost capacity 17% by 1959. Economists predicted that U.S. business would spend a record \$33.4 billion for new plants and facilities in 1956, some \$4 billion more than this year.

Split for the Bull. The stock market was in step. By last week, stocks on the New York Stock Exchange had made up virtually all the loss in September's break, pushed near alltime peaks. Led by Sears, Roebuck & Co., which jumped 7 1/2 points on news of a split, Dow-Jones industrials at one stage went up 2.19 points to 487.07, within .38 points of the bull-market high, closed the week at 482.91.



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CADILLAC
For '56, a tail with a twist.

AUTOS

Step to the Rear

Another flock of 1956 models rolled into dealers' showrooms last week—full speed astern. In ads, sales talks and posters, the automakers were putting most of the emphasis on the rear ends of their new cars. The design changes that in other years were known as face lifting, cracked a design expert, should be known this year as "tail lifting," since the major body changes were in back.

The new going-away look is dominated by higher, longer rear fenders (now known as "fins," and "air foils") ending in aquiline beaks that sniff disdainfully off into space like ships' figureheads in reverse. The fender line in many new cars, e.g., Cadillac, Plymouth, Chevrolet, and Studebaker-Packard's Clipper, was borrowed from the shape of swept-wing aircraft to give autos a jet-propelled look. Cadillac, which has long built taillights into the fenders, now houses them in circular openings that project like twin exhaust pipes above the real exhaust vents. The most complicated rear end appears on the Dodge Custom Royal Lancer, whose chrome-scrolled tail fenders sprout shark-like fins and snorkel-like radio antennae. Ford's Thunderbird had a functional reason for a big change in the rear. It hung the tire mount outside to make more room in the luggage compartment.

GOVERNMENT

What's Wrong With Taxes?

To give Congress expert advice for charting tax policies, the Joint Committee on the Economic Report early this year asked some 100 top industrialists, labor leaders and economists for their views. Last week, when the committee brought out its fat (930-page), figure-packed report, there were as many opinions as experts.

What Congress wanted most to know was how to design a tax policy that would promote production, full employment and purchasing power. Almost to a man, U.S. businessmen agreed that rising production is sorely hindered by present federal taxes. Though postwar investment in plants and equipment has soared to alltime records, American Cyanamid Co.'s Economist Ralph E. Burgess pointed out that 80% of the cash is to replace worn-out facilities. And mainly the hope for large capital gains in the boom has kept venture capital flowing steadily, said Harvard University Professor J. Keith Butters. "In a time of depression and investor pessimism" present tax laws might dry up these supplies altogether.

In no case, Butters added, should capital-gains taxes be raised without a compensating cut in high-bracket income taxes, lest investment incentive vanish. On the other hand, if the capital-gains tax were eliminated, New York Stock Ex-

TIME CLOCK

change Research Director Jonathan Brown estimated that \$200 billion in "locked in" capital, i.e., unrealized capital gains, would be liberated for new investment.

Cought in the Middle. One of the hardest-hit victims of present federal tax laws, said some tax experts, is the small businessman, who is big enough to pay the same tax rates as giant corporations, but too little to attract attention in the big-money markets. Thus he must rely on the small private investor, who is often scared off by too much risk for too little take-home profits. For example, if a shareholder lends the company money, it may be taxed as dividends when it is repaid. New York Lawyer Edwin S. Cohen suggested that the Government help small businessmen by permitting investors to deduct losses against ordinary income.

Such labor leaders as C.I.O. Research Director Stanley H. Ruttenberg plumped for income-tax cuts to beef up consumer buying. "Tax policies designed to grant an increasing degree of special privilege to business investment will not and cannot produce long-run economic growth and stability," said Ruttenberg. "What is required is not additional tax privileges for business and wealthy investors, but direct tax cuts for the great mass of taxpayers . . . This would result in expanding consumer markets that will make it profitable for business to invest in new and more efficient plant structures and machines . . . [and] absorb the increasing available output." University of Michigan Professor Richard A. Musgrave refuted the old saw that taxes that cut consumption are bad taxes. Said Musgrave: that proposition "holds for conditions of depression only." In 1955's fast-growing prosperity, "taxes which are highly deflationary may be an advantage."

Soak the Executive. Nobody offered any evidence that labor's rank and file duck overtime work to keep out of higher tax brackets, but many an industrialist feels that the up-to-87% bite out of top management salaries is harmful. "The effectiveness of the money incentive is being eroded by the tax rates in the upper brackets," said Crawford H. Greenewalt, president of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co.; "there are signs among the younger men that promotion is a little less attractive than it used to be . . . When a promising young business executive decides that he won't try for the \$64,000 question, when he decides that he isn't interested in becoming production manager because the increased net just isn't worth the extra effort and strain, then everyone is the loser."

Despite the general gloom over taxes, there were bright spots for some. University of Chicago Economist D. Gale Johnson discussed the case of the U.S. farmer: "Personal income tax does not apply to nonmoney income," and farmers have more nonmoney income, e.g., meat, eggs, vegetables, etc., than any other group.

JET TRANSPORT RACE is spreading fast among foreign airlines. Holland's K.L.M., first foreign line to sign up, has ordered eight Douglas DC-8s, worth \$50 million (total Douglas orders so far: 61 planes v. 50 Boeing 707s), for delivery starting in March 1960. Scandinavian Airlines will soon order from six to ten jets, while Air France, Japan Air Lines and Swissair are all negotiating with Douglas or Boeing.

BUY-AMERICAN POLICY will be toughened up to double the price edge given some U.S. firms competing with foreign companies for Government contracts. Instead of the previous 6% differential, the Interior Department will award future contracts only to foreign firms that underbid U.S. companies in surplus labor areas by 12% or more. The Defense Department and General Services Administration, which do most of the business with overseas firms, will probably follow the new ground rules.

RADIO-TV welfare fund, first for the industry, will be set up nationally by the networks under a contract signed with the A.F.L.'s Federation of Television and Radio Artists. Program will be entirely employer-financed with contributions equalling 5% of the gross pay of all performers. It will cover everyone making over \$1,000 annually with a pension plan (up to \$7,500 a year) and such welfare benefits as "catastrophic" medical insurance up to a maximum of \$5,000 a year.

COFFEE PRICES are going down for the first time since spring. General Foods, Beech-Nut and other big roasters have cut wholesale prices because of heavy imports from South America and good crop prospects for 1956.

TRUCK MERGER is in the works between White Motor and Diamond T, two of the oldest firms in the business. White Motor will buy Diamond T's assets for about \$9,000,000 (\$23 a share v. current market price

of \$21) for the 421,259 shares outstanding, combine research and engineering facilities.

COPPER PINCH will get worse in 1956. Defense needs are so high that the Commerce Department will order producers to set aside another 8,000,000 lbs. of copper-base products in first-quarter 1956 for military and AEC orders, bringing the three-month total to 116 million lbs.

UNION GROWTH has slowed to the point where it is barely keeping pace with the increase in the U.S. labor force. After zooming from 3,500,000 to 14.5 million from 1935 to 1945, U.S. labor unions gained only 1,000,000 members in the three years from 1952 to the start of 1955, most of the increase coming in independent unions. Total current union strength: 18 million, or one out of every three non-farm workers.

ATOMIC POWER PLANT, Europe's first completely privately financed nuclear generator, will be built in Belgium by Westinghouse Electric. A syndicate of 20 Belgian firms has signed a \$5,000,000 contract with Westinghouse for an 11,500-kw. plant to supply electricity for the Brussels World's Fair.

PORK GLUT is getting worse despite a Government buying program. Farmers are sending so many hogs to Midwest markets (170,000 head in a single day last week) that prices have slumped to \$1.25 per 100 lbs., level in 14 years.

COCA-COLA earnings are fizzing up despite competition from Pepsi-Cola and other soft drinks. Third-quarter sales were 13.4% better than last year, will help push Coke's full-year earnings to nearly \$30 million (almost \$7 per share), nudging 1955's \$31.8 million. Next year should be even better: Coke's new large bottling (10 oz., 12 oz., 26 oz.) are catching on so fast that eleven company-owned plants report sales 13% to 77% better than last year.

Giant & the Giant Killer

New Dealing Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming likes to play the role of a giant killer with a special shillelagh cocked for big business. Since General Motors is a giant—the biggest, most profitable corporation in the U.S.—it was the logical target last week for Democrat O'Mahoney's Senate antitrust subcommittee. Ostensible purpose of the hearing: to "appraise the antitrust laws" and ascertain "needed amendments."

O'Mahoney dredged up three charges. He produced competing diesel-locomotive manufacturers to testify that a wartime order from the War Production Board made G.M. virtually the sole producer of long-range diesel locomotives. This, one witness said, gave the Detroit giant a

"tremendous headstart" on postwar business, and as a result, G.M. today supplies 76% of all U.S. diesel locomotives. The next day Harold Hamilton, former G.M. vice president supervising its locomotive division, pointed out, however, that the company had actually lost ground during the war, its share of the market dropping from 67% in 1940 to 40% in 1943. Moreover, added G.M., it had ventured where its competitors had feared to tread: it spent \$26 million developing diesels before realizing one cent, put up another \$5,000,000 to finance sales to railroads.

Next, Vice President Thomas Butler of the Flexible Co. of Loudonville, Ohio, charged that G.M. had refused to supply him with G.M. bus diesels because he was a competitor in the manufacture of buses. The order, said Butler, came straight

TRADING STAMPS

A Hidden Charge in the Grocery Bill



IN their race for the consumer's dollar, U.S. retailers have turned the old trading-stamp gimmick into the hottest sales idea of the postwar decade. By playing on the housewife's weakness for giveaways, supermarkets and department stores have rung up astonishing records at the cash register. After Detroit's Big Bear chain of 33 supermarkets introduced Gold Bell Gift Stamps last March, gross sales jumped 40%; Miller's supermarkets in Denver increased their business about 30% by plugging trading stamps. From Los Angeles to Boston, filling-station operators, dry cleaners, used-car dealers and beauty parlors have signed up for stamp plans. Well over 100,000 U.S. retailers are using some form of stamps to boost sales, and the U.S. Department of Commerce estimates that stamp savers are redeeming their books for more than \$1 billion worth of premiums yearly.

The grass-fire spread of trading stamps has also touched off a hot argument among retailers. Many an independent merchant swears by stamps as the best answer to chain-store competition. Says San Francisco Grocer Wayne Bingham: "They're like a snowball, once you get the thing rolling. Let one customer get his first premium, and the whole community is going to hear about it. For us, that's better than any ad over television." But the stamp plan's biggest foe, giant Safeway, calls it nothing but "a shell game to distract the consumer from the fact that she is paying higher prices." Because Safeway met stamp competition by slashing prices, the U.S. Justice Department slapped an antitrust suit against the chain, charged it with selling goods below cost (*TIME*, July 18).

While merchants argue among themselves, U.S. housewives seem in solid agreement that stamps are dandy. In one busy day a West Coast grocer ran a check on his 1,700 shoppers, found that only one failed to ask for stamps. Grand Union President Lansing Shield has a simple explanation for the stamps' popularity: "Getting something for nothing and the squirrel instinct—some people even save string." For the budget-strapped housewife who needs a new toaster or set of dishes, and can get them simply by collecting stamps for money she had to spend anyway, the plan is irresistible. One Dallas matron considers the stamp plan "a sort of painless savings account."

By collecting stamps, she points out, "I don't have to ask my husband for the money."

The Stanford Research Institute conducted a study of the Denver area, found that almost two out of every three shoppers believed that the stamps meant they were getting something for nothing. Though few had any idea of the actual worth of the stamps, four out of five customers saved them, partly because of "inner satisfactions from saving the stamps," partly because "redeeming the completed book gives a feeling of thriftiness."

To subscribe to a stamp plan, a retailer may sign up with one of scores of companies in the business of supplying stamps and premiums. If he buys the service of Sperry & Hutchinson, biggest U.S. trading-stamp dealer, he will pay about \$3 per 1,000 stamps, one of which he will give away with each 10¢ purchase. In return, S. & H. supplies the books for pasting up stamps, helps with local advertising and promotion, opens a convenient premium store. To cover the cost of the plan (2% to 3% of the yearly gross), a retailer must boost sales an average of about 10%. For the merchant who is first in his neighborhood with stamps, this is usually easy. But as each of his competitors buys a rival stamp plan in self-defense, the advantage wears off. Then the old standards of price and quality return, and the merchants are right back where they started—except that they are stuck with paying for the stamps. When one Albuquerque, N. Mex. supermarket decided to drop its stamp plan, it lost 80% of its business in two weeks.

No matter how painless stamp plans may appear, it is still the customer who eventually pays. Though most retailers publicly deny that they raise prices to cover the extra cost, the price of the stamps ultimately finds its way into the store's markup. In a study of western retailers, the University of New Mexico Bureau of Business Research discovered that most raised prices about 4% to make sure that all extra expenses would be taken care of. Thus, if a shopper filled four books of stamps by buying \$4.80 worth of groceries and won a \$13 chafing dish, she would get nothing free. She would pay about \$20 in inflated markups. As far back as 1916, the U.S. Supreme Court saw the danger of trading stamps, called them "an appeal to stupidity," and gave states authority to make them illegal. But so far, no states have had the temerity to interfere with a housewife in search of a bargain.

from Charles E. Wilson, then G.M. head, Wilson, now Defense Secretary, offered to testify in rebuttal, but O'Mahoney ignored the offer.

O'Mahoney also cited G.M.'s purchase of Cleveland's Euclid Road Machinery Co., in 1953, as a grave instance of big companies "swallowing up" family enterprises. By buying out former customers, said O'Mahoney, G.M. was simultaneously providing itself with a "captive market" and depriving competitors of a customer. But Euclid's former President Raymond Armington (who now runs Euclid as a G.M. unit) explained that his family-owned company, short of money for diversification, had fallen into "a very vulnerable position" to resist big competitors. "It would be a fine thing," said Armington, "if small family companies like Euclid could continue to stay small and independent. The fact remains that Euclid has just gone into a market which required large finances, resources and facilities. But it didn't have the resources."

In the next two weeks O'Mahoney plans to summon competing auto-parts manufacturers, followed by complaining G.M. auto dealers, then wind up with top corporation officers led off by his star witness: G.M.'s President Harlow Curtice.

CORPORATIONS

60-Second Film

For his "picture-in-a-minute" Polaroid camera, Inventor Edwin H. Land last week demonstrated a new invention: a film that delivers black-and-white transparencies (instead of standard prints) within 60 seconds after they are snapped. The transparencies, says Land, have probably ten times the light range of conventional prints, clearly reproducing the smallest details when projected onto a screen. Another advantage: the film is five times as fast as Eastman's high-speed Tri-X, can be used successfully under the worst lighting conditions.

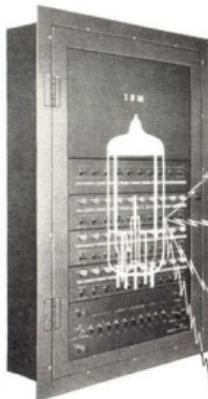
When the new film is put on sale in a month, Land expects it to be the most popular new photographic product since his original 60-second camera (*TIME*, March 3, 1947). Although the camera (at \$9.75) was at first pooh-poohed by many dealers as just a costly plaything, it soon made Polaroid one of the biggest U.S. makers of cameras, with an output of more than 500,000 cameras last year.

Harvard to Hollywood. Edwin ("Din") Land, now a handsome, boyish-looking 46, was a physics student at Harvard when he quit to form his own company in 1932 to market his first major invention, a plastic that filters the glare out of light rays. During World War II, Polaroid Corp. did a \$16 million-a-year business making glare-proof gun sights and sunglasses and other products for the armed forces. But by 1948 gross sales were down to \$1,451,372 (net loss: \$865,256). Land's camera snapped Polaroid into the black again (1949 profit: \$720,795) and kept it there.

The company's quickest killing came during Hollywood's 3-D bonanza in 1953. As the only U.S. maker of the glasses

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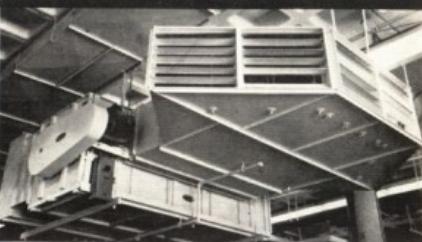
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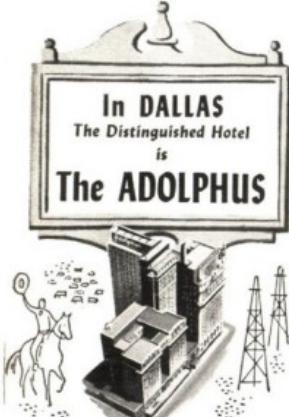


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needed to see movies in depth, it was soon making 12 million pairs a month, grossed over \$20 million that year. In 1954, when 3-D dwindled and died, Polaroid was doing so well with other products that profits stayed up over the million-dollar mark. In 1955 Polaroid will probably net close to \$2,000,000.

Man with Two Hats. As Polaroid's president, Land is able to push promising research projects even when the payoff seems far off, e.g., color film for the 60-second camera, which is "coming along nicely" after years in the laboratory. He has a formal, functional president's office in Polaroid's Cambridge headquarters. But he spends most of his time in a dingy laboratory office cluttered with cameras, chemicals and corn cob pipes.

Land likes to talk about his ideas so much that associates worry that his brain waves will get out from under his hat. He



Robert Lockenbach

POLAROID'S LAND
Brain waves under his hat.

sometimes calls associates to the laboratory in the middle of the night or on holidays. Once he telephoned Executive Vice President J. Harold Booth to complain that none of his research staff had appeared for work, learned that it was Thanksgiving Day.

60 Million Windshields. Din Land firmly believes that creative invention is a "one-man operation," until he is convinced a new product is nearly ready to market. Then his team moves in. One of his biggest potential developments: a system of polarized auto windshields and headlight lenses that, in combination, take the glare out of night driving. One big obstacle: since the super-brilliant lights used in the Polaroid system would require new headlights and windshield glass for all the 60-million-odd cars on U.S. roads, it would mean changes in state driving laws, even if Detroit industry were prepared to build the glass into new cars tomorrow.

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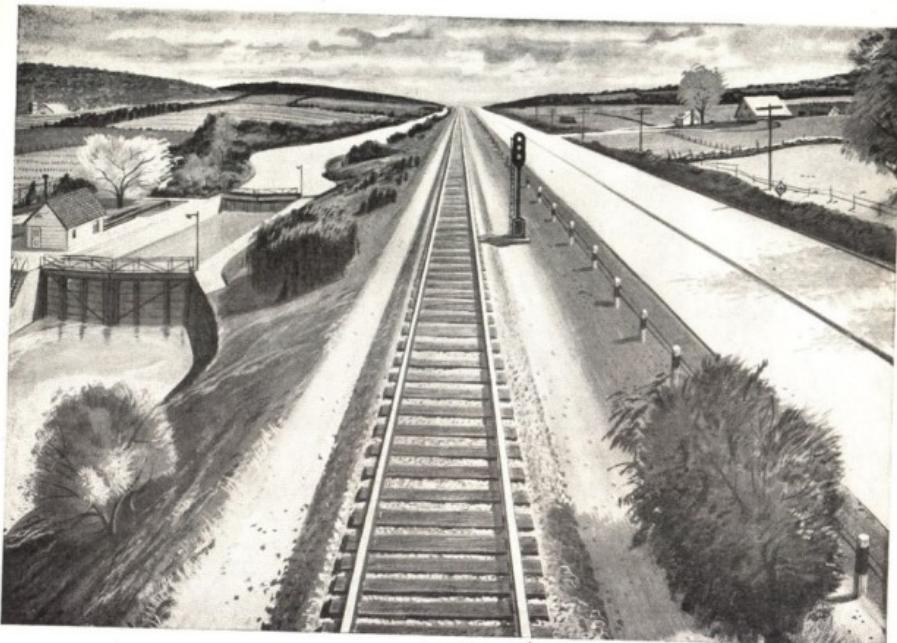
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How competitive pricing in transportation would help you

In most American businesses, the benefits of greater efficiency can be passed on promptly to the public. In the transportation business, however, this is not always the case.

Consider what has happened on the railroads:

In the last 30 years the speed of the average freight train has gone up more than 50 per cent; the load has nearly doubled and the hourly output of transportation has increased nearly three times.

To make possible these and other gains in efficiency, the railroads have spent, since the end of World War II, nearly \$11,000,000,000 — every dollar of which was financed by the railroads themselves.

But — as is shown in the report of a special Cabinet Committee appointed by the President — government regulation frequently denies to the public the benefit of the lower costs of the most economical form of transportation, so as to protect the traffic and revenues of carriers with higher costs. The result, as the Cabinet Committee says, is that shippers and, ultimately, the

consuming public must pay more for freight transportation than would otherwise be necessary.

What can be done to correct this unhealthy situation?

The special Cabinet Committee recommended that railroads and other forms of regulated transportation be given greater freedom to base their prices on their own natural advantages. At the same time, government regulation would continue to prevent charges which are unreasonably high or unreasonably low, or are unduly discriminatory.

This would make it possible to pass on the benefits of the most efficient operations to shippers, producers and retailers, and to the consuming public which in the end pays all transportation costs.

Bills based on Cabinet Committee recommendations have been introduced in Congress. For full information about this vital subject, write for the booklet, "WHY NOT LET COMPETITION WORK?"

Association of American Railroads

944 Transportation Building • Washington 6, D. C.

THE WELL-HEDGED ESTATE



It was a beautiful vineyard, but the stupid young heir couldn't stand the hedge that surrounded it. He complained bitterly that it couldn't possibly bear grape—*and finally had it torn out to make room for more vines.*

Suddenly helpless before the ravages of man, beast, and nature, his entire vineyard was quickly destroyed.

In other words, Aesop thought that protecting your property was at least as important as possessing it—which is just how we feel about it, too.

Particularly when we see some widow for example, with a portfolio of perfectly sound common stocks begin to lose her perspective.

She starts out to protect her principal, selects the best investment stocks she can find, and is more than satisfied with a return of 4% or so on her money.



Then the market goes up . . . she has modest profits in addition to her dividends—but she keeps hearing about stocks that move faster—and farther.

So over a period she begins shifting her funds into more and more speculative stocks, gradually tears down the hedges that protect her estate.

And that's too bad. Because stock prices still move both up and down, and only those who can afford to lose can afford to speculate.

So if you're not satisfied that your present portfolio is in proper focus, it would probably pay you to get an objective review.

Our Research Department, for example, will be happy to analyze your holdings without charge or obligation of any kind. Just address your letter to—

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HOMEBOUND COMMUTERS STALLED IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION

The grey flannel suits are hard pressed.

RAILROADS

Pigs & Pigs

Two days after Patrick B. McGinnis chided New Yorkers for "being satisfied to travel in the subways like pigs," home-ward-bound commuters last week were packed like porters into Grand Central Terminal (*see cut*), awaiting trains delayed more than two hours by a locomotive fire on McGinnis' New York, New Haven & Hartford Rail Road. The fire snarled 20 New Haven trains and 21 New York Central trains that use the same tracks into Grand Central. It was the latest and one of the longest New Haven delays since McGinnis won a heated proxy fight and took over the road in April 1954.

The New Haven shows a \$3,300,000 jump in operating income this year, despite a \$1,400,000 drop in passenger revenue. The improvement is at least partly the result of stepped-up freight service, e.g., interline piggyback service (a phrase that wryly amuses sardonic commuters), which was extended last week to the Midwest. The New Haven has laid 27,000 tons of new main-line track in 1955. But it has also shaved its maintenance bill. To maintain 3,200 miles of track and hundreds of bridges and stations, it spent \$11,484,819 for the first eight months of 1955—\$2,400,000 or 17% less than in the same 1954 period.

Pat McGinnis has a personal interest in maintenance: he spends more than half his time riding the New Haven in his comfortably furnished private car. To most passengers, the most notable change

• Which is always attached to "through express trains running on time; Mr. McGinnis never uses the commuter trains," a spokesman explained recently, denying newspaper stories that the car was on a commuter train stalled for 69 minutes by 1) a washout, 2) engine failure, and 3) bridge construction.

on the New Haven since McGinnis took over has been the hold use of color on its rolling stock and on some Cape Cod and Westchester County stations. Last week McGinnis' dark-haired wife Lucille, a one-time interior decorator, was riding the New Haven with Detroit Architect Minoru Yamasaki, bent on "perking up" the road's dark and dingy stations in what McGinnis calls the "grey-flannel-suit area." i.e., Connecticut's commuter country. "Hell," explained McGinnis, "for another nickel you might as well make a thing look good."

AVIATION

More Competition

After four years of hearings, the Civil Aeronautics Board last week handed down a decision on U.S. non-scheduled airlines that will result in greatly increased competition throughout the industry. The CAB decided to grant nonskeds permanent certificates as "supplemental carriers," thus giving them a real niche in the fast-growing U.S. airline market. No longer need the lines fear that the CAB will ground them if they start stepping up service.

For the first time nonskeds will be able to fly unlimited passenger and cargo charter flights anywhere in the U.S., charter their planes for any number of international cargo flights. Every nonsked will also be able to go on a partially scheduled basis, make ten flights a month between any two points in the U.S., advertise and sell the runs as a scheduled service. In all, the ruling affects 49 big and little nonsked lines, but each will have to prove its "individual fitness, willingness and ability" before the CAB issues a certificate. Only line left out: North American Airlines, the biggest nonscheduled passenger carrier, which is charged with breaking so many CAB regulations that its right to fly was suspended by the CAB, then later stayed by a circuit court, pending an

New industries are building
in the Gulf South at the rate of
\$5 MILLION per week.

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months this year,
contracts were let
for **\$180 MILLION**
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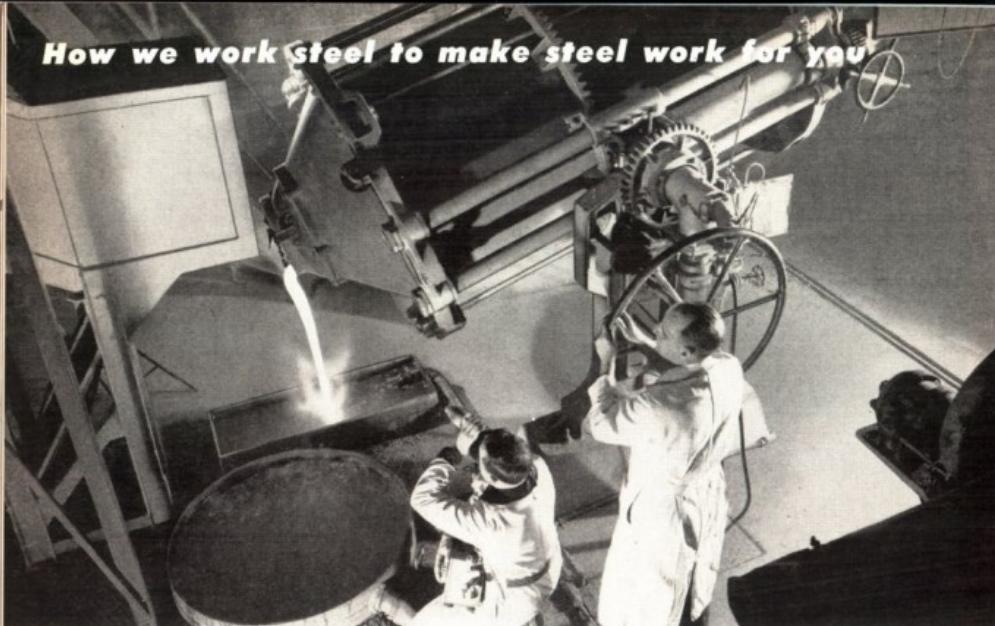


Gulf South

UNITED GAS CORPORATION • UNITED GAS PIPE LINE COMPANY • UNION PRODUCING COMPANY

TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1955

How we work steel to make steel work for you



What's cooking?

Prize recipe for tough glass gives steel
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into cold water — shatters into "frit"
particles, basic material for glass coating.



Glascole produces a complete line of glass-on-steel equipment for the process industries—storage tanks and vessels, reactors (shown here), condensers, heat exchangers, pipe and columns.

Perfected by A. O. Smith research —
More than 3000 formulae for glass have been developed and tested by A. O. Smith to create the *thirteen* special kinds that now give corrosion-protection to a wide range of steel products.

Just for example, consider the corrosion problems in the chemical processing industry. Here, equipment must withstand continuous attack by acids and alkalis . . . must also resist quick, punishing changes in temperature. Here, Glascole Products, Inc., an A. O. Smith subsidiary, is widely recognized for glass-lined equipment that excels in severest corrosive service.

A. O. Smith is a pioneer and world's largest manufacturer of glass-protected

steel products — from *Permaglas* water heaters to giant brewery tanks . . . from *Harvestore* feed storage units to glass-lined pipe. Yes, nowadays we're even lining smokestacks with glass.

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with steel makes products
like these for home,
farm and industry



Permaglas
and Burkay water heaters



Permaglas
home heating and
cooling systems



Gloss-lined and
stainless tanks



Gloscote
processing equipment



Vertical
turbine pumps



Line pipe,
oil well casing



Horizontal tanks
for the farm
Permaglas Storage Units
for industry



Pressure vessels,
heat exchangers,
glass-lined smoke stacks



Gasoline dispensers,
liquid meters



Welding machines,
electrodes, accessories



Electric motors

Automobile
frames

appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court (TIME, July 11).

The big scheduled airlines exploded in anger at the news. They argued that the CAB's decision would lead to cutthroat competition, said that three small lines, for example, could pool their ten monthly flights and run what would amount to a fully scheduled service. But the CAB pointed out that most nonskeds are only one or two-plane operations, are far too small to hurt the big trunk lines. Furthermore, said CAB, it had specifically reserved the right to reduce the number of scheduled flights if nonskeds started gangling up on the most profitable runs flown by big carriers. Said a CAB official: "This is a classic example of crying before you're hurt. The plain fact is that the nonskeds deserve a break. They were the pioneers in aircoach travel. Why should they be denied a chance to grow with the rest of the industry?"

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Major General Charles Truman Lanham (ret.), 53, Dwight Eisenhower's chief press officer in SHAPE (and "prototype" of Colonel Cantwell, hero of Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees*), is slated to be board chairman of Colt's Manufacturing Co., which was taken over last week by Penn-Texas Corp. (TIME, Oct. 3). Born in Washington, D.C., West Pointer "Buck" Lanham wrote poetry until it interfered with his Army career, later edited *Infantry in Battle*, a widely used Army textbook. In World War II, he fought through Normandy and the Bulge with the 22nd Infantry Regiment, earned a jacketful of decorations, including the Distinguished Service Cross.

¶ Walter A. (for nothing) Haas, 66, the man who made denim work pants high fashion, moved up from president to board chairman of San Francisco's Levi Strauss & Co. Haas, a San Franciscan and University of California graduate, married a grand niece of Levi Strauss in 1914, entered the company, and became president in 1928. Levis were strictly work pants when Haas took over; he introduced "Levis for Ladies" in the 1930s, hit the big time when bobby-soxers and college coeds adopted them as a uniform. Current sales: more than 10 million pairs a year. Succeeding Haas as president is Daniel E. Koshland, 63, also a San Franciscan, who joined the company in 1922, has served as vice president and treasurer.

¶ James David Zellerbach, 63, president of Crown Zellerbach Corp., was elected chairman of the nonprofit, privately sponsored Committee for Economic Development. He succeeds Meyer Kestnbaum, president of Hart Schaffner & Marx, who has resigned to become special assistant to President Eisenhower. Zellerbach was born in San Francisco, got a B.S. degree from the University of California in 1913, joined the family papermaking firm a year later. In 1938 he was named its president, succeeding his father, has long been active in Government and public affairs.

Publick notice

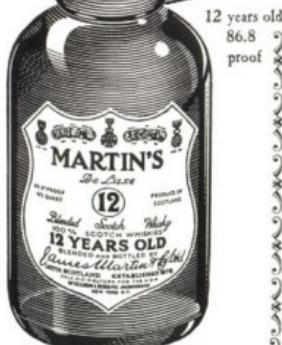
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N the conviction that you Gentlemen know how AGE enhances the nobility of Scotch Whisky and that you appreciate same, our House imports the two supreme examples of Scottish distillers' skill: 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. Both to be had at fine spirit shops, taverns, private clubs and the like.

—Respectfully,
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due December 1, 1980

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MILESTONES

Born. To Orson Welles, 40, poly-poly jack-of-all-theatrical-trades, and Paola Mori, 25, Italian cinemactress; their first child, a daughter (his third), Name: Beatrice Giuditta. Weight: 7 lbs.

Divorced. Mel Tormé, 29, wheezy radio and screen crooner; by Candy Toxton (real name: Florence Toxstein), 29, one-time cinemactress (*Knock on Any Door*); after six years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Sam Byrd, 47, actor, producer and novelist, who set a Broadway record with 1,151 consecutive performances (1933-36) as Duke Lester in *Tobacco Road*, during which time he bounced 18 squash balls to shreds against Jeeter Lester's poor-white shack; of leukemia; in Durham, N.C.

Died. Paul Crouch, 52, on-again-off-again ex-Communist witness who got \$9,675 for his two-year service as a Government-paid informer, then turned on Attorney General Herbert Brownell and his top deputy William Rogers when discrepancies were spotted in his testimony; of lung cancer; in San Francisco. Crouch in 1953 wrote a seven-page memo that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy used as the basis of his investigations of subversion in the Army.

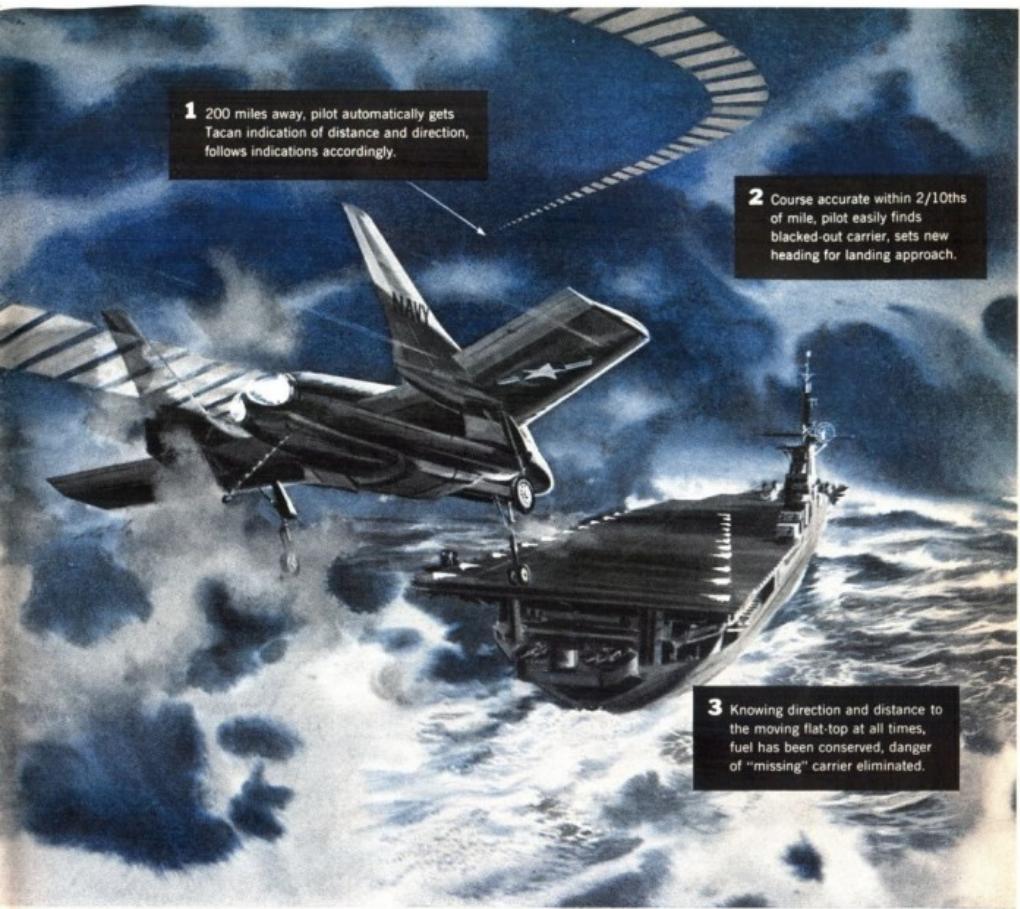
Died. James Price Johnson, 61, jazz pianist, composer, teacher (star pupil: "Fats" Waller); of a stroke; in New York City. Among his 500 compositions: the original *Charleston*, *If I Could Be with You*, the opera *Dreamy Kid*.

Died. Marquis James, 64, two-time Pulitzer Prizewinner* for history (*The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston*, *Andrew Jackson*; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Rye, N.Y. Of historical writing, he said: "Many good writers . . . are lazy and shallow about their research . . . most of the . . . competent researchers can't write for sour apples."

Died. Lloyd Bacon, 65, Hollywood director of oldtime Mack Sennett two-reelers and of Al Jolson in *The Singing Fool*, the first major talkie (its latest: *The French Line*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Burbank, Calif.

Died. Daniel J. Tobin, 80, president of the A.F.L.'s Teamsters Union from 1907 to 1952, vice president of the A.F.L. from 1933 to 1955, last of the Gompers Era labor leaders who saw the Teamsters' membership rise from less than 30,000 to 1,250,000, violated the Gompers' doctrine of apoliticality by plumping heavily for Roosevelt and Truman; in Indianapolis.

* The third Pulitzer Prizewinner to die within seven days. The others: Robert Emmet Sherwood (see JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES), Bernard DeVoto (see EDUCATION).



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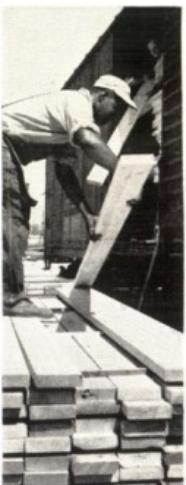
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Hill 24 Doesn't Answer [Sikor: Continental] because its four defenders are dead. Produced in Israel, the film keeps its flag-waving to a commendable minimum while giving a kaleidoscopic record of the savage fighting between Jew and Arab in the 1948 war. The doomed patrol of three men and a Yemenite girl get their stories told in a series of flashbacks. The first and best concerns Edward Mulhare, a Christian Irishman who starts out as a British plainclothesman and ends up serving in the Israeli ranks because of his love for a Jewish girl, sensitively played by Haya Hararit. The second tells of Michael Wager, a Jew from New York City (but, refreshingly, not from Brooklyn), who



MICHAEL WAGER
The walls have arms.

is both wounded and briefly disillusioned in an unsuccessful attack in the Old City of Jerusalem. This episode gives a cleanly realistic picture of street fighting; instead of charging hell-mell at the enemy, the Israelis advance in twos and threes, hugging the walls of houses and making quick dashes for the protection of doorways and abutments.

The final sequence is the most frankly chauvinistic and the least convincing: hard-boiled Arieh Lavi captures a wounded Egyptian soldier whom he then discovers to be an ex-Nazi officer. Except for this flawed sequence, Britain's Director Thorold (Angel Street) Dickinson has imaginatively caught the almost tribal ferocity of a small war.

I Died a Thousand Times (Warner) is a frippery remake of the stark 1941 *High Sierra* starring Humphrey Bogart. As it emerges from the Hollywood mill this time, the film has a theme nearly as silly

*For further information about any Division or the parent company, write Dept. 106,
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KENDALL REFINING CO.

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as its new title; it argues that society should not put a confirmed criminal behind bars because he may resent it. Jack Palance, paroled after eight years in the pen, shows his exasperation by rapping assorted citizens on the skull with his gun butt and putting a slug into a guard who gets in his way.

Only two characters glimpse the true loveliness beneath his gruff exterior. One is a cunning mongrel dog named Pard; the other, an equally cunning gun moll named Marie (Shelley Winters). Palance finds them in a mountain hideout where he holes up to plan his next caper—the stick-up of the exclusive Tropico Hotel. Shelley keeps moaning at the snowy WarnerColor peaks of the High Sierras and speculating that it must be mighty clean up there. "Cold, too," says Jack, and goes back to laying his plans. Scripter W. R. (*This Gun For Hire*) Burnett still has about 30 minutes to kill before he can get around to his killing finish; so he sends Palance off on a romantic goose chase after a farmer's daughter (Lori Nelson), who has a tendency to the same high-flown appreciation of CinemaScope nature as Shelley, "My!" Lori trills. "Isn't the air grand out here on the desert? And look at those stars—aren't they beautiful?" It is small wonder that Palance goes berserk at the film's end and gets himself shot down by a battalion of police.

Rebel Without a Cause [Warner] is a reasonably serious attempt, within the limits of commercial melodrama, to show that juvenile delinquency is not just a local outbreak of tenebrous terror but a general infection of modern U.S. society.

The story begins in a police station in a pleasant upper-middle-class suburb. Half a dozen teen-agers are hauled in for questioning; among them a boy (James Dean) who has just moved into the neighborhood. He is drunk. Why? He does not know. He only knows that his mother wears the pants in the family. "She eats my father alive, and he takes it. How can a guy grow up in a circus like that? They are tearing me apart."

Next day, the first day of school, Dean is greeted by his classmates as "a new disease," and during a field trip to the planetarium, a leather-jacketed roughneck slashes a tire on his car. "You read too many comic books," says Dean. They fight with knives. Dean wins. The boy challenges him to a "chickie run"—a dash to the edge of a cliff in two stolen cars; first man to jump out before the cars go over the brink is "chicken." Caught between folly and disgrace, Dean asks his father what to do. Father funks out. Dean makes the run. The other boy is killed.

Dean decides to tell the police. His parents, horrified of notoriety, say no. "You can't be idealistic," his father pleads. Dean explodes: "A kid was killed! Every time you can't face yourself, you blame it on me." In the end, still another adolescent goes to a senseless death.

The strong implication of this picture is that the real delinquency is not juvenile but parental. The point may be obvious



JAMES DEAN
A kid was killed.

and only a part of the problem, but it is well worth propounding. The best thing about the film, in any case, is James Dean, the gifted actor who made his movie start in *East of Eden*, and was killed last month at 24 in an automobile accident. In this, the second of his three movie roles—*Giant* will probably be released next year—there is further evidence that Actor Dean was a player of unusual sensibility and charm.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Guys and Dolls. Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 version of the Broadway musical. It's a beauty, but Sam made the prints too long (*TIME*, Nov. 14).

The Big Knife. Clifford Odets' gums away at some sour grapes, and spits the seeds at Hollywood; with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino (*TIME*, Oct. 24).

The Desperate Hours. A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March, Humphrey Bogart (*TIME*, Oct. 10).

Trial. A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy (*TIME*, Oct. 3).

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needles TV—without trying, of course, to burst the Electronic Bubble; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (*TIME*, Sept. 5).

The Sheep Has Five Legs. French Com.c Fernandel, who is much too funny for one man, plays six. He is too funny for six men, too (*TIME*, Sept. 5).

Ulysses. The Homeric legend made (in Italy) into a foaming saga of sea adventure; with Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano (*TIME*, Aug. 22).

I Am a Camera. Julie Harris, at both hooch and cootch, is a comic sensation (*TIME*, Aug. 15).



Fran Allison and Winners: Singer Johnny Desmond's daughter, Party, and Dickie Bishop test new crunchless polyethylene toys at home of radio and TV star,

1955 Toy Awards: Exit Crunch and Crash

PARENTS have long dreamed of toys that wouldn't cut, scratch, bruise, poke eyes, dent, or make noise — yet still would fascinate the kiddies. Lately, such toys have begun to appear on the market —toys made of the new, flexible, almost indestructible plastic—polyethylene. To help direct Santa Claus to the most interesting recent trends in polyethylene toys, Spencer Chemical Company's Poly-Eth group this fall asked three famous child experts to pick five top polyethylene toys from the 1955 crop.

Judging for Spencer were Fran Allison (the charm element in ABC-TV's *Kukla, Fran, and Ollie*, *Aunt Fanny of Breakfast Club* fame, and commercialite on the Whirlpool TV show), Fred Rothe (toy buyer for Macy's, Kansas City), and David W. Armstrong (Executive Director, Boys' Clubs of America).

ROLLING JOE. Most ingenious entry, according to Judge Rothe, was "Rolling Joe," dreamed up by Tigrett Industries in Jackson, Tenn. A trim red racer with black wheels, and a puckish driver whose head bobs to and fro, Rolling Joe will zoom out in any direction, stop, back up, whoosh past you, and then come to rest demurely at your feet.

• The pink and green tea set put out by the Ideal Toy Company, Hollis, Long Island, gleams with the new shiny gloss that is this year's most sensational development in polyethylene. And, like all polyethylene toys, these dishes have no paint that can be chewed off. Polyethylene is non-toxic, rust-proof and can't hurt young teeth. Moreover, sleeping

Polyethylene

KUKLA'S FRAN, MACY'S
TOY BUYER, BOY'S CLUBS'
OFFICIAL, PICK FIVE TOP
WONDER-PLASTIC TOYS



Macy's Toyman, Fred Rothe and David W. Armstrong of Boys' Clubs of America.

youngsters can roll over on Poly-Eth toys and not get bruised—probably not even wake up!

- A toy telephone (from Dapol Plastics, Inc., Worcester, Massachusetts), with a dial that spins, rings, and then snaps into place won the particular respect of Fran Allison after a visitor's child seized it and beat the piano with it. With an ordinary metal toy, the Allison's grand would have looked as though Ollie had chewed it. But satin-smooth Poly-Eth doesn't even leave a mark.

- Most startling toy was the Sand Fun Sifter Set from Knickerbocker of Hollywood. Now when Junior takes a bath, he can be treated to the miracle of a floating sieve. Because polyethylene is the lightest of all solid plastics (the only one lighter than water), toys made of Poly-Eth will float.

SPENCER CHEMICAL COMPANY
500 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City 5, Mo. Manufacturers of "Poly-Eth" Polyethylene • Ammonia (Commercial and Refrigeration Grade) • Aqua Ammonia • 83% Ammonium Nitrate Solution Synthetic Methanol • Formaldehyde • Hexamine • "Mr. N" Ammonium Nitrate Fertilizer SPENSOL (Spencer Nitrogen Solutions) • FREZALL (Spencer Dry Ice) • Cylinder Ammonia

- On a dare, Judge Rothe stepped with all his weight onto a toy train, product of Processed Plastic Company in Aurora, Ill. (molded by Han-Win Products, Inc., Aurora). He found that—instead of splintering or scooting out from under him—the train simply flattened and then sprang back into shape.

POLY-ETH AND YOU. Manufacturers of toys, as well as dozens of other products, are enthusiastically studying the many cost-cutting, sales-appealing properties of Poly-Eth Polyethylene. Many are applying these properties to their own wares.

When you play Santa Claus for Christmas, look for exciting new polyethylene toys. And if there's a place for polyethylene in your business, write Spencer Chemical Company, America's Growing Name In Chemicals.

BOOKS

Member of the Funeral

TEN NORTH FREDERICK [408 pp.]—
John O'Hara—Random House (\$3.95).

John O'Hara is a skilled writer who hates small towns and (intellectually speaking) has small chance of ever leaving one. The one he has chosen to hate and not permit his readers to leave is a place called Gibbsville, Pa. (he was born in Pottsville, Pa.). The same people are present in this Zenith-on-the-Schuylkill as lived when Julian English made his famous *Appointment in Samarra*. Old Dr. English is older and discouraged, but Novelist O'Hara, though older (50), is not discouraged.

His new novel is well organized. It begins with an important corpse, and the novelist's tactic is to take each of the mourners and riddle them with small shot. The corpse is that of Joseph Benjamin Chapin, and with the possible exception of the hero of Trollope's *John Coddigate*, he is the most greely dull character to rear his trim, neat, empty head into modern literature.

Joe Chapin—as the various mourners reveal the story—once wanted to become President of the United States. But what with a man called Mike Slattery, who ran things in the county for the Republicans, Joe could not even make lieutenant governor. Although he went to Yale, his wife did not really love him. His children were no good. They understand that mother really killed him. He had taken to the booze. And so it goes.

Within Novelist O'Hara's chosen limits, there are to be found the expected narrative skill, and knowledge of a sort. The Gibbsville town assessor could not know

more. O'Hara has a tape-recorder ear, a headwaiter's instinct for credit rating, and a preoccupation with different means of making love which, if supported by one of the great foundations, could put Dr. Kinsey right back among the gall wasps.

What is missing from Gibbsville? Human and intellectual qualities, the lack of which also disfigured the work of another U.S. writer who chose success and snobbery for his theme. O'Hara, like Scott Fitzgerald, is a writer of great natural talent but, like Fitzgerald, disappoints in the end for the poverty of his general ideas and tawdriness of his notions of a good life. It is odd that both of these very American writers should go into such an un-American swivet as to who sits below whose salt. Yet Fitzgerald, in his delighted fellow-travels with the rich, usually managed to weave a kind of verbal magic that seems today beyond O'Hara's means. In fact, O'Hara's entire account of the "aristocratic" Joe Chapin and his existence at No. 10 North Frederick is a remorselessly endless annotation of an epitaph to that depressing character called Clive:

*What I like about Clive
Is that he is
no longer alive.
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead.*

The Ruddy Empire

THE LIFE OF RUDYARD KIPLING [433 pp.]—C. E. Carrington—Doubleday (\$5.50).

The sun has set on Rudyard Kipling and his British Empire, but there are those less happy about it than, say, Jawaharlal Nehru and the editors of the *Nation*. Rudyard Kipling was a lowbrow genius, the classic case of a jingo word juggler whose skill brought out the heaviest sneers in the faces of more civilized but not necessarily more talented men.

"Reading life by . . . flashes of vulgarity," said Oscar Wilde of the writer, who, in the midst of the decadent Nineties, was celebrating the glories of the common British redcoat in the accents of the British music hall.

"Gutter patriot," said George Orwell, the grey-voiced conscience of the British left.

Cruelest of all was the gibe of G. K. Chesterton, who took the one poem in which Kipling approached beauty, *Recessional*, a prayer for humility under power, and made of it:

*Lest they forget, lest they forget,
That yours was the exclusive set . . .*

Kipling is the wicked uncle of the modern British mind—the one they don't talk about, the one who went broke going to the wars and who died intestate, without



Alan W. Richards

NOVELIST O'HARA
Never forget who sits below whose salt.



Culver

RUDYARD KIPLING (CIRCA 1900)
Lest they forget the wicked uncle.

visitors, in a Home. But now the belated floral tributes of highbrow attention have begun to come in. T. S. Eliot has written an introduction to a selection of his verse, and Edmund Wilson wrote a famous essay in which he proved that Kipling waved the flag because of something nasty he saw in the woodshed. Kipling's latest and best biographer, British Author C. E. Carrington, mildly remarks of his subject that "to this day he makes men lose their tempers, a sure proof of his importance."

BOY FROM INDIA. Rudyard Kipling ("Ruddy" to his friends) was born in Bombay in 1865 and buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey in 1936.

Between those two dates occurred one of the most buoyant lives in the history of English letters. When others sulked about the shape of things to come, he chortled, bounced, sniggered and bugled. The family into which he was born was a platoon of all the talents. His kin include Burne-Jones (uncle), the pre-Raphaelite painter, Angela Thirkell (second cousin), the sad librettist of middle-class soap operas, a president of the Royal Academy and a dull cousin named Stan Baldwin who became Prime Minister.

His father, Lockwood Kipling, had a job teaching art to the Indians. But India was regarded as an unhealthy place for growing boys, so at five he was boarded out in the home of a retired naval officer at Southsea, England. He was sent to the United Services College, and in *Stalky & Co.* wrote about it in one of the few cocaine, anti-self-pity books of schoolboy reminiscence ever to be produced. He was a prodigy and the only boy at school to wear glasses. They called him "Gigger" (for "giglamps," which was schoolboy slang for spectacles).

Instead of going to a university, he found himself before he was 20 producing



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DIVIDEND ON COMMON STOCK

Directors of Chrysler Corporation at their meeting in Detroit today declared an extra dividend of \$1.00 per share in addition to declaring the dividend of \$7.50 per share that has been paid each quarter for the last five quarters. The total of \$1.75 is payable December 13, 1955 to shareholders of record November 15, 1955.

NICHOLAS KELLEY, Jr.,
Secretary

November 4, 1955.

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McCall's

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a newspaper in Lahore. Says Carrington: "There had been nothing like his sudden rise to fame and fortune since Byron awoke one morning to find that the publication of *Childe Harold* had made him famous... 1809 saw the publication... of more than 80 short stories from his pen, many ballads and... a novel [*The Light That Failed*]." Soon he was advising viceroys and was so famous that when he fell ill in New York (he married an American), crowds knelt in Seventh Avenue to pray for his recovery.

The Unknown Soldier. Everything Kipling touched turned to brass. While more sensitive writers shopped about for rare metals, he jiggled the coppers of common knowledge in his pocket. "Shillin' a day, Bloomin' good pay," he wrote of the British soldier, long before other English writers had acknowledged the existence of the uniform that guarded them while they slept. Kipling had been sniped at once in the Khyber Pass and since then had become the spokesman for all men who have nothing but a uniform between themselves and death.

His industry and vigor made an immense paraphrase of the remark of another Tory Englishman, Samuel Johnson, who said that every man thinks meanly of himself for not having worn a red coat. But red coats were out in 1914. War meant mud, barbed wire and lice. Kipling's only son John was killed fighting with the Irish Guards in the battle of Loos. Rudyard Kipling got letters from all the world, and some exulted in the mean thought that the laureate of war had got his comeuppance. As a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission, he promoted the patriotic symbol for the age of mass wars—the Unknown Soldier. His own son's body was never found.

In the pacifist '30s, Kipling's name became a mockery. In the ideological '30s, it was thought that a man who had spoken we'll of authority and soldiering must be a fascist. As he had ignored critics all his life, Kipling ignored this too. About the only notice he took of Hitler was to remove the Indian good-luck sign from new editions of his work—a swastika.

Contrary to the notion that he had a reactionary's contempt for the working classes, he saw in them the nation's strength in crisis. Once he wrote: "It will be the third-class carriages that'll save us."

As Biographer Carrington traces the story, now that the tumult and the shouting have died, Kipling rises from his grave to confront the world with neither a humble nor a notably contrite heart. He had the courage to hate—a healthy hate of all those who sneered at the seriousness of the white man's burden, who denigrated duty, honor, country. Americans, who in the past decade have had to accept concern for an area far greater than that ever ruled by the British Empire, may today better understand Rudyard Kipling—"this literary man," as Biographer Carrington puts it, "[who asserted] that literary men were not the most important people in the world, or not until they practised their Art for Duty's sake."

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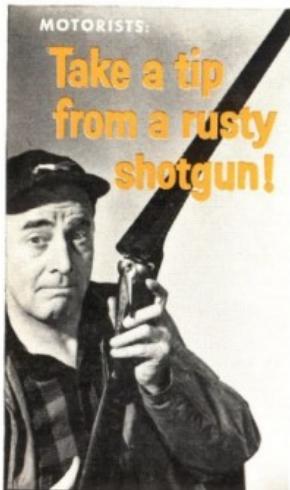
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God, France & the Virgin

NOTRE-DAME OF PARIS (341 pp.)—Allan Temko—Viking (\$6.75).

I darted a contemptuous look on the stately monuments of superstition.

—Edward Gibbon (speaking of the Gothic cathedrals)

All the steam in the world could not, like the Virgin, build Chartres.

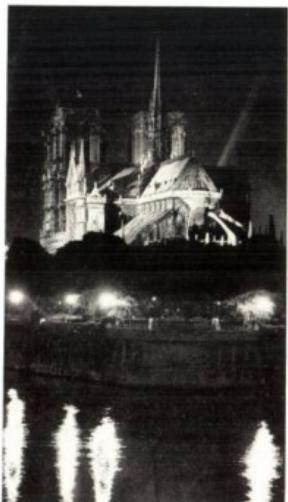
—Henry Adams

A disciple of Adams rather than Gibbon, Medievalist Allan Temko, 31, has put his love and knowledge of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame into an astute and eloquent book that merits shelfroom with Adams' famed *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*. But while Adams sought out only the major thread of medieval unity, Author Temko weaves a tapestry of multiplicity-within-unity. Along with the rising cathedral walls, he traces the rise of the Capetian monarchs to rule Paris, the rise of Paris to rule France, the rise of French Gothic to rule an age. "The Church clothes her stones in gold and leaves her sons naked," chided St. Bernard of Clairvaux. But in their devotion to Mary, the medieval sons of Paris were content so long as they could carry the stones.

\$100 Million Gamble. On their island in the Seine (the Ile de la Cité), Paris Christians first carried stones to the site of Notre-Dame about the 6th century. The church they built was razed by the Normans in the middle of the 9th century. A new basilica of Notre-Dame lasted the better part of another three centuries, but by 1140 it was too small, and worshippers fainted away in the crush. A year or so before, a bold, bright farm boy from the provinces was drawn to the intellectual beehive of the schools of Paris, and in the next two decades climbed the ecclesiastical ladder to become Bishop of Paris.

Maurice de Sully was a practical dreamer with a vision almost as striking as that of another French provincial, Joan of Arc. Though his chiefs of staff were two unknown master builders, the grand design of Notre-Dame as it stands today was largely his. He raised the money (the cathedral eventually cost the 1955 equivalent of \$100 million); he met the payroll and disciplined the work force (some 1,000 masons, metal smiths, carpenters, etc.); he personally selected leading artists and chose the subjects of the complex iconography. And he took fresh architectural gambles. The ceiling of Notre-Dame rises higher (107 feet) than any other cathedral then built, because Bishop Sully trusted the strength of the relatively untested ribbed vault; Sully's second master builder was one of the first to develop the flying buttress.

Joy on the Catwalks. From the time of the laying of the first stone in 1163 to his death 33 years later, Sully lived to see the cathedral largely completed. As if through the aging prelate's prismatic eye,



Sabine Weiss—Rapho-Guillumette
NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS
lifts, and lifts again.

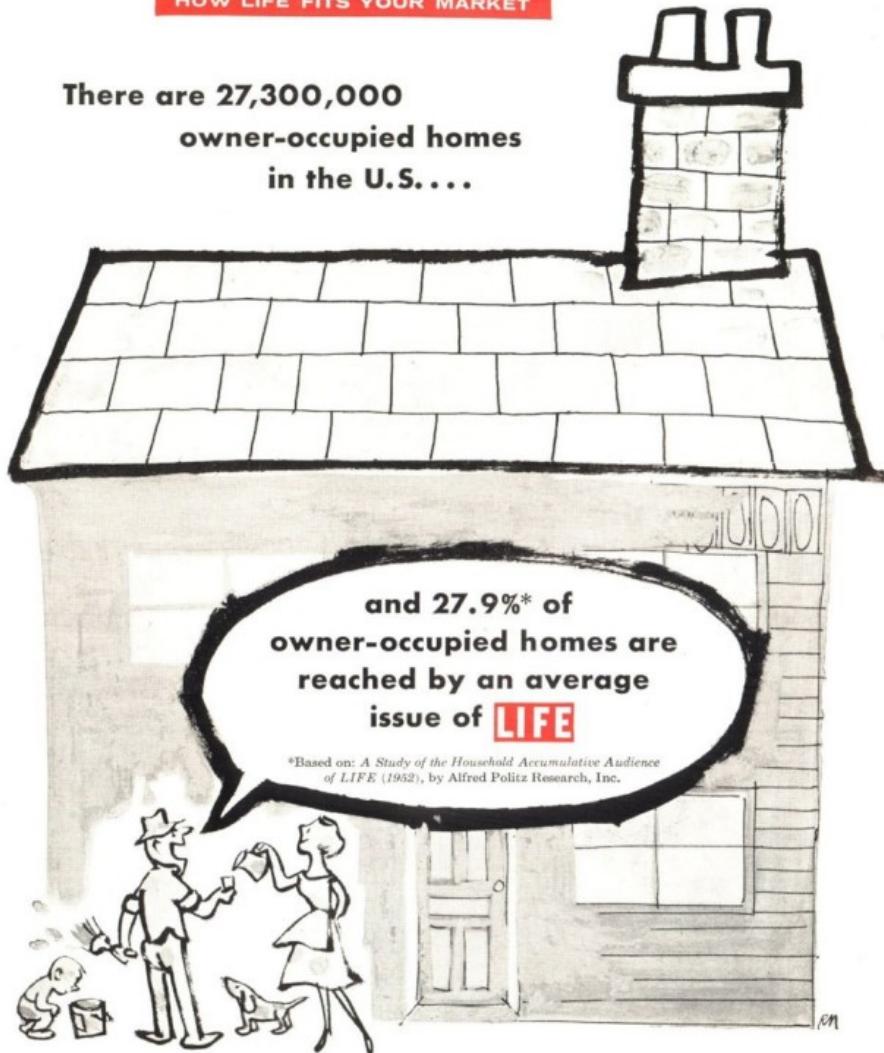
Author Temko captures the sense of communal effort and joy:

"The Bishop, old now, looked on as the great vessel rushed westward to completion, bay after bay of the nave . . . vault after vault . . . as son replaced father in the craft of masonry and the art of sculpture, growing more expert, more sure, more ambitious; working from daybreak to sunset . . . and then the next day, at dawn, climbing the scaffolds again, as the morning Mass was sung in the choir, mounting higher and higher in the early sunlight, looking beyond Paris to green fields and forest; higher and higher, as the Virgin steadied them on the catwalks and cornices and smiled down at her civilization and her city."

"One Sees What One Brings." Whether it is pious King Louis IX kissing beggars' feet and waiting on lepers, or 100,000 Frenchmen shouting "Give us Crosses!" to go on the Second Crusade, or the wine-growers of a Paris suburb ducking a statue of their patron saint in the Seine for allowing the frost to harm their vines, *Notre-Dame de Paris* chronicles a people and an age on fiercely intimate terms with their God. Notre-Dame is their monument. In it "one sees what one brings," as Henry Adams put it.

Gibbon sneered. Victor Hugo shouted exuberantly among the huge bells. Heinrich Heine, looking up, saw himself in a great hollow cross and wept. In 1793 a Paris mob put nooses around the necks of the statues of the 28 kings on the massive western façade, toppled them to the pavement below and chopped off their stone heads. Yet in August, 1944, the cathedral bells pealed out the first news of liberation, and 12,000 Parisians squeezed

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The intellectuals. Author Temko notes, left the Cathedral of Paris for Chartres about the turn of the 20th century, and have not returned since. Notre-Dame is Everyman's church, and every man's reminder of the religious genius of the 12th century, which "built churches of a bewildering beauty and bewitching youth [and] sang in allegro, like a spring or a bird." And like a spring or a bird, "the Cathedral is never in repose but is perfectly equilibrated. When most calm, it lifts, and lifts again, in a further serenity. Balance equals tension. Beauty equals power. The Virgin is at work."

Mock-Bucolic Western

PAPA MARRIED A MORMON (298 pp.)—John D. Fitzgerald—Prentice-Hall (\$3.95).

Papa was no king of the wild frontier but for Utah Territory of the 1880s he was quick on the verbal draw. Mama was going on 18, with braided blond pigtails, when he fired these lines at her: "I love you, Tena Nielsen. I love you with the intensity of the desert sun. I love you with the sweep and grandeur of the mountain peaks. I love you with the humility of a peasant for a princess . . . Don't be afraid of the wrath of your people. My love for you will shield and protect you." Papa was a Roman Catholic and a journalist, and Mama was a Mormon, but they soon eloped to Salt Lake City. It was the first of four marriages to each other (two civil, one Mormon, one Catholic), which is as close as anybody in this book gets to polygamy.

Papa Married a Mormon is a mock-bucolic western in the vein of an Agnes de Mille ballet scored for six guns. It is rarely convincing but frequently amusing, and few readers will want to revoke the "poetic license." Author Fitzgerald claims in salting the tales of his kith and kin—Take his Uncle Will, for instance—that's his gamblin' and killin' uncle. In a 15-hour poker session Uncle Will won the White-horse Saloon and helped the former owner forget his troubles by plugging him with his pearl-handled revolver. The White-horse was the hottest honky-tonk in Silverde, a raffish overnight boom town. Across the way lay Adenville, the God-fearing Mormon settlement. Caught between conflicting loyalties, Mama and Papa stayed true to each other, their children, and the best in each other's faith.

The pranks and scrapes of the four little Fitzgeralds could be cut up into two-reelers for *Our Gang* comedies. One of the funniest has the brothers hooking their grandmother's wig with a fishing line to prove to the neighborhood small fry that she has been scalped by the Indians. The final episode in the book is funny, pathetic and brave. On his dying day Papa puts on his boots and Mama would not let the attending doctor take them off because Papa always "wanted to die with his boots on." It's things like that that give the old West a good name.

MISCELLANY

Sealed Orders. In Manhattan, Edward Mulstay, 54, returned from an unplanned, 19-day trip to Europe, explained ruefully that he had left his hearing aid at home when he went to a *bon-voyage* party aboard the liner *America*, failed to hear the all-aboard whistle blow.

Empathy. In Los Angeles, when complaints about property-tax hikes began to pour into the county tax-collector's office, Assistant Assessor R. E. Bouck nervously warned his staff not to further inflame taxpayers by displaying "undue hilarity" in corridors or public elevators.

Person to Person. In Chattanooga, Moonshiner Bob Renfro spotted sheriff's men closing in on his house, hurriedly poured his homemade liquor down the sink, discovered too late that Chief Herbert Grant was waiting with an open jug at the other end of the drain.

The People's Voice. In Waterville, Ohio, asked if they preferred to sell the municipal electric-power plant or issue \$155,000 worth of bonds to improve it, local voters solemnly answered yes to both questions.

Return Engagement. In Rhinelander, Wis., awaiting sentence for robbing the home of Phillip Richert, ex-Convict Carl R. Thompson, 31, broke out of jail, was recaptured and sentenced to two terms for burglary after Richert caught him in his home a second time.

Therapy. In Oldham, England, after idly watching his wife go through a marriage ceremony with another man, Roy Harwood, 25, explained to police: "I thought if she committed bigamy she would go to prison, and it would do her good."

Dark Victory. In Springfield, Ill., after sternly cautioning delegates to the annual convention of the Illinois Association of County Clerks not to tell anybody about the surprise testimonial dinner planned for that evening, association officers went to pick up Guest of Honor Charles Lowry, discovered that he had checked out of his hotel and left town the day before.

How Do I Love Thee? In South Bend, Ind., Mrs. Ina M. Gillett, 52, suing for divorce, testified that for eight years her husband had not spoken to her except to ask, once each year, when he was making out their joint income tax, how much money she was earning.

Straw Vote. In Hammond, Ind., Republican Mayor Vernon Anderson graciously bowed to the wishes of the 18,000 people who signed a petition urging him to run for another term, ran again, lost by a score of 15,937 votes to his opponent's 16,359.

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